THE

CABINET;

OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

JULY 1807.

PRINCE HOARE, Esq.

THIS gentleman is a younger son of an eminent artist, the celebrated Mr. Hoare, of Bath. He was placed in the grammar-school of that city, under Mr. Hele, its first master, and passed through the different classes with a rapidity seldom witnessed. While he was storing his mind with classical knowledge in this seminary, his father, who designed him for his own profession, embraced every opportunity, out of school, of instructing him in the principles of the art of painting, and found him so ready a pupil, that before he reached the age at which other boys begin only to think of taking lessons, he had obtained the silver palette from the Society of Arts for a drawing of outlines.

He shortly after became a *student* in the Royal Academy, in the strict sense of the word, prosecuting his studies beyond the usual hours, and sometimes whole days together, without any intermission.

In 1776 he went to France and Italy, and passed some time at Rome. Here he received lessons from Mengs, and Pompeo Battoni, who had been the friend and fellow-student of his father, under Francisco Imperiale. At Cortona he was made a member of the ancient Etruscan Academy, at the same time with his friend Mr. Northcote; and at Florence, of the Imperial Academy, where he painted his own portrait for the gallery of the Grand Duke.

After an absence of four years he returned to London, and was growing fast into reputation as a painter both of

portraits and historical subjects. Macklin engaged him, among other distinguished artists, for the POETS' GALLERY, but a delicate state of health prevented him from pursuing his professional occupation, and drove him to the sea-side, where, recollecting the precept of Horace, *ut pictura poesis*, he employed the pen instead of the pencil, and wrote a *tragedy* on the subject of *Colonel Kirke's cruelty*. He presented it to the managers of the Bath theatre; and, at Lisbon, whither his physicians thought it necessary to send him, he had the satisfaction of hearing that it had been well received, and greatly applauded.

In the summer of 1788, in a state of health somewhat improved, but not sufficiently re-established to render it adviseable for him to resume his profession, he returned to this metropolis. The success of his play induced him again to turn his thoughts to dramatic composition. He had also formed an acquaintance at Florence with the lamented STEPHEN STORACE, then rising into celebrity as a composer, who encouraged him to make a second attempt. He did so, and produced the favourite entertainment of *No Song no Supper*, an opera of which the dialogue is so lively, the incidents so diverting, and the music so delightful, that after a lapse of seventeen years it still continues one of the most attractive after-pieces on the stage. The managers, however, to whom it was presented, declined receiving it, and it was brought out for the benefit of Mr. Kelly on the 16th of April, 1790.

The *Cave of Trophonius* was acted the following season * for the benefit of Mrs. Crouch, but Madame Storace falling ill during its run, it was laid aside, and has never been revived. The *Prize*, another of our most popular farces, being also rejected by the Drury Lane managers, was introduced to the public on the benefit night of Signora Storace, on the 11th of March, 1792. *My Grandmother*, we believe, experienced similar neglect. It was acted the following year † at Mr. Colman's theatre in the Haymarket, where the Drury Lane company were at that time performing, the building of the present theatre not being completed.

Thus successful was Mr. Hoare as a dramatic writer, in spite of the inactivity, the ignorance, or the bad taste of the managers of the theatre, who, though they

* 3d of May, 1791. † 16th Dec. 1793.

refused to act his dramas, did not hesitate to pour the profits of them into their treasury; and, we believe, we may truly add, that overflowing as it was, very few of the guineas fell into the hands of the person who was most entitled to them.

In the summer of 1795, Mr. Hoare, produced at the Haymarket the *Three and the Deuce*,* for the principal incident in which he was indebted to the Spanish stage. It was afterwards acted at Drury Lane, and has lately been revived with great success by Mr. Elliston. In 1796 he brought out *Mahmoud*† at Drury Lane, and *Lock and Key*‡ at Covent Garden. Mr. Braham, in the former piece, made his first appearance on the English stage; and Mr. Hoare, with a liberality that reflected the highest honour on his character and feelings, gave the whole profits of the opera to the widow of his friend Storace, who composed part of the music, but died before the representation.

His next theatrical effort was a musical farce, called *The Friend in Need*,§ performed at Drury Lane with very good success; the principal part, which was serio-comic, was admirably acted by Mr. Bannister. About the same time appeared the opera of the *Italian Villagers*‖ at Covent Garden; the music by Shield. This was followed by the *Captive of Spilburg*, at Drury Lane, taken, chiefly, from the French of CAMILLE'S *Souterraine*. This piece was also very successful. The music was composed by Dussek. Next came the comedy of *Indiscretion*.** Mrs. Jordan was the heroine, who returned to the theatre solely through the author's mediation, after she had refused all communication with the manager: notwithstanding this circumstance, the comedy was chosen as the subject of a part of Mr. Sheridan's grand philippic against *the author's petition* in Lincoln's Inn; and it formed the front groundwork of that petition, which finally ended in the security of the right of authors to immediate payment of their labours at the theatre, in common with the performers, and the several other persons engaged in the necessary business of the theatre.

As soon as Mr. Sheridan had delivered his invective against the authors, Mr. Hoare threatened *a preface* to

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* 2d Sep. † 30th April, ‡ 1st Feb. § 9th Feb. 1797.
‖ 25th April, ** 10th May, 1800.

a new edition of *Indiscretion*, which was then publishing; but as the result just mentioned of the authors' petition sufficiently accounted for Mr. Sheridan's attack, *(hinc illæ iræ,)* he did not think it worth while to prosecute his design.

The *Authors' Petition* was brought forward on occasion of the settlement (or *attempt* to settle) of the affairs of Drury Lane before Lord Eldon, the Chancellor, and was in the names of P. Hoare, M. G. Lewis, and I. Cobb; Mr. Cumberland afterwards joined the party.

The comedy of *Sighs, or the Daughter*, was produced at the Haymarket July 30, 1799. It was received with very loud applause, and continues a stock piece at that house. The opera of *Chains of the Heart*, performed at Covent Garden on the 9th December, 1801, was written for the purpose of introducing Mr. Braham and Signora Storace to the public, on their return from the continent. His last theatrical production was *The Partners*, at the Haymarket, acted on the 28th June, 1805, and condemned, almost without a hearing, by a party who seemed determined, from the beginning, to dissolve the firm.

In the year 1799 Mr. Hoare was named by the Royal Academy their *Secretary for Foreign Correspondence*, an office which had been held by the late James Boswell, Esq. and hitherto considered as a mere ornamental appendage to the Institution. When Mr. Hoare accepted the office, it occurred to him, that as he was personally acquainted with several principal members of Foreign Academies, it became his duty to avail himself of that circumstance for the advantage of the Institution to which he belonged, and he accordingly proposed to the Royal Academy to commence a correspondence between the Academy of London and all great Foreign Academies, for the purpose of mutual communications of whatever might tend to the advancement of the arts. The president warmly espoused the proposition, and Mr. Hoare proceeded accordingly. Finding, however, that the delays inseparable from the actions of all large bodies, would, at least, protract his publications to a fruitless length, in the year 1802 he published his first number of correspondence, handsomely printed in quarto, at his own risk. On this the subject was taken again into consideration at the Royal Academy, and the publication adopted by the council. The following year

he published a second number, and two years afterwards a third. At this time a resolution was passed in the council of the Academy to make the continuance of such correspondence one of the *conditions* of Mr. Hoare's office, and some intimations were made to him of annexing a stipend to the office. This offer Mr. Hoare, with his usual disinterestedness, declined on his own part, leaving it, however, to be accepted by his successor.

The result of the above correspondence has been the ascertaining, by ample authentic documents, the various degrees of encouragement in which the arts are placed in several of the greatest foreign states, and other communications respecting particular works of art in those countries as well as our own; an inquiry certainly so far useful to us, as it furnishes a proper rule by which we measure our own exertions on this head.

Mr. Hoare conceived also that such a work would contribute not only to the honour of the Royal Academy, but to that of the English nation, as it would have a tendency to shew that this country desires to be regarded not only as the medium by which trade and commerce diffuse their benefits through the world, but as the *central point* of information also in other matters, which regard intellectual cultivation.

With a view to assist the progress of the arts in Great Britain, he last year published an "Inquiry into the requisite cultivation and present state of the Arts of Design in England," in which he endeavoured to shew the real value of the arts to *every* country, and the best methods of advancing them in *his own;* together with a sketch of their actual progress in England.

A few months ago Mr. Hoare commenced a periodical work under the title of THE ARTIST, of which we have already spoken in this work. It is publishing in weekly numbers, and offers a *series of essays on science and art*, written by men of eminent professional abilities, on topics relative to their respective studies, and by other persons peculiarly conversant with those subjects. Mr. Hoare's extensive knowledge and various acquirements peculiarly qualify him for the superintendance of so interesting a publication. Besides some ingenious productions from his own very elegant pen, we have noticed several valuable communications on literature, the drama, and the arts, from Mr. Cumberland, Mr. Hoppner, Mr. Northcote, and other men of distinguished talent.

We ought also to mention a pathetic little poem, bearing the title of *Love's Victims*, or *The Hermit's Story;* which Mr. Hoare published in 1793, and which received the commendation and corrections of his amiable friend the late Rev. Mr. Graves, of *Claverton*.

We do not know that his tragedy of *Julia*, or *Such things were*, has ever been published, but its high dramatic merit, and the powerful manner in which the character of the heroine is delineated, may be inferred from its having been twice selected by Mrs. Siddons for her benefit, once at Liverpool, and afterwards at Drury Lane.

Such are the few particulars which we have been able to collect of Mr. Hoare's history as a public character. In his private capacity we are enabled to testify, from our own knowledge, that no gentleman is more generally esteemed, or more deserves to be so.

EARL STANHOPE,

SECRETARY OF STATE TO GEORGE I.

WHISTON says, of this nobleman, "After he had been some time a courtier, I freely asked him whether he had been able to keep his integrity at court; to which he made me no reply, whence I concluded he had not been able to do it, for he would never tell a lie." A different inference might be drawn from his silence, which probably was occasioned only by his disgust at the impertinence of the question.

Lord Stanhope was at Eton school with one of the Scotch noblemen who were condemned after the rebellion in 1715. He requested the life of his old schoolfellow (whom he had never seen since that time) of the privy council, whilst they were deliberating upon the signing of the warrant of execution of these unfortunate noblemen. His request was refused, till he threatened to give up his place if the council did not comply with it. This menace procured him the life of his associate in early life, to whom he afterwards sent a handsome sum of money.

Of such advantage are sometimes the connections that are formed in public schools. What may profit, may likewise hurt. The gold that purchases bread may purchase poison, and the seminary that administers to

virtuous and to honest friendship, may likewise administer to a society in vice and wickedness: yet, every thing in human life being but a choice of difficulties, it seems wiser to prefer a public to a private education, on account of the greater advantages it holds forth*. A young man will most assuredly become wiser, and most probably more virtuous, by public than by private education; for virtue consists in action and in trial.

The following anecdote of the high sense of honour in two Eton boys, is well known to many persons who have been educated in that illustrious seminary.

"Two young men, one of whom was the late lord Baltimore, went out a-shooting, and were detected in that unpardonable offence by one of the masters. He came up quickly enough to one of them to discover his person; the other, perhaps having quicker heels, got off unknown. The detected culprit was flogged pretty severely, and threatened with repetitions of the same discipline if he did not discover his companion. This, however, he persisted in refusing, in spite of reiterated punishment. His companion, who was confined to his room at his boarding-house by a sore throat (which he had got by leaping into a ditch to escape the detection of his master), on hearing with what severity his friend was treated on his account, went into school, with his throat wrapped up, and nobly told the master, that he was the boy that was out a-shooting with the young man who, with such a magnanimous perseverance, had refused to give up his name."

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* Osborne begins his celebrated "Advice to a Son" thus: "Though I can never pay enough to your grandfather's memory for his tender care of my education, yet I must observe in it this mistake, that by keeping me at home, where I was one of *my young masters*, I lost the advantage of my most docile time. For, not undergoing the same discipline, I must needs fall short of their experience that are bred up in free-schools, who, by plotting to rob an orchard, &c. run through all the subtleties required in taking a town, being made by use familiar to secrecy and compliance with opportunity—qualities never afterwards to be attained at cheaper rates than the hazard of all. Whereas these see the danger of trusting others, and the rocks they fall upon by too obstinate an adherence to their own imprudent resolutions, and all this under no higher penalty than that of a whipping. And," adds he, "it is possible this indulgence of my father might be the cause I afforded him so poor a return for all his cost. Children," continues Osborne, "attain to an exacter knowledge both of themselves and of the world, in free and populous schools, than under a more solitary education."

MELANGE.

No. IV.

Chacun à son gout.

JOSEPH HOUGH, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

This intrepid and excellent prelate thus addressed the commissioners whom king James the second sent to Magdalen college, Oxon, to impose a catholic fellow upon that learned and venerable society:

"My Lords,

"You say your commission gives you authority to change and alter our statutes and to make new ones, as you think fit: now, my lords, we have taken an oath, not only to observe our statutes (laying his hand upon the book of the statutes of the college), but to admit of no new ones, or alterations in these. This must be my behaviour here: I must admit of no alteration from them, and by the grace of God I never will."

The bishop was as amiable and excellent in private as he was upright and spirited in public life: His servant having one day let fall a very fine barometer belonging to him, which he had caused to be brought into his drawing-room to shew to his company, the glass broke, and the quicksilver flew about the floor; the bishop, turning round to his guests, said with a smile, "I protest I never saw the quicksilver so low in all my life."

THE BRAVADO OPPOSITE TO WHAT HE WOULD SEEM.—Some years ago, at St. George's Hospital, Westminster, two boys underwent each the amputation of an arm. The one expressed just and natural apprehensions of the operation, yet bore it in a firm and reasonable manner. The other despised the timidity of his fellow-patient, made extremely light of the operation, and even set it gloriously at defiance; yet complained during the process in the most womanish and dastardly stile, and was, in short, totally subdued by it. Upon my seeming greatly surprised, the surgeon said, that *it was always so.*—I believe it is so in other things, as well as courage. Whenever vanity ostentatiously parades either upon wealth, or knowledge, or learning, &c. &c. there suspicion should naturally arise: and why? because realities are seldom solicitous about appearances, yea, often not enough attentive to them; while wind and emptiness inflate and *puff*.

THE ARTS.

No. V.

THE ENGRAVERS OF THIS COUNTRY.

[*Resumed from Page* 240.]

SIR,

WHEREVER the arts have been held in estimation, and properly encouraged, ENGRAVING has been supported by PAINTING. In England even the name of *historic painting* must nearly have been forgotten, had it not been supported by our art; and it must, for a number of years yet to come, principally depend upon engraving for public patronage: no other means can so certainly propagate a love for its high excellence.

Engraving, considered as a commercial speculation, is worthy of national consideration; the numerous large editions of books that have been printed, wherein the publishers have principally depended upon the embellishments of art for a superiority of sale, are beyond computation. Ten contending editions of Shakspeare were, at one time, soliciting the favours of the public, boasting their elegance, and expensive ornaments. The poets are daily publishing in new editions, either emblazoned or deformed by the graver, and the dry study of the law has been enlivened by graphic ornament; the number of such books exported to America, the continent of Europe, and every other part of the globe where science has dispelled the clouds of barbarism, is immense. The employment given to designers, engravers, copper-plate makers, and copper-plate printers, paper makers, letter-press printers, bookbinders, &c. becomes a national benefit, where the numbers of the people are considered as the riches of the government.

The art of engraving has been, by some, considered in a more degraded light than it deserves. The greatest glory of the painter is invention. Because the engraver has not occasion to study this first essential of the painter, it is surely too much to say that he wants the capacity for it. To make him a mere copier of what is laid before him, without completely appreciating and understanding its merits, is to make him a parrot that talks by rote.

Engraving from a painting is a translation from one mode of art into another essentially different. As easy might it be for a linguist to give a faithful translation of Euclid, by barely understanding the Greek language, without being able to solve a problem in geometry, as for an engraver to give a faithful copy of a fine painting, whose excellencies he does not comprehend. The knowledge of anatomy is equally requisite to the two professions, for no man ever copied a muscle with fidelity, without having studied its form from nature, and all its variations, uses, actions, and insertion. In the knowledge of light and shadow, those artists must go hand in hand. To suppose the engraver capable of copying colours whose meaning he does not understand, or the relation they bear to the whole, is ridiculous: to represent passions he cannot conceive, or expression of which he is ignorant, is impossible. His business is to enter into the very thoughts of the painter, and with a congeniality of soul to feel all that he has felt. Garrick never could have represented the characters of Shakspeare so forcibly as he did without a great portion of that fire which animated the poet. That versatility of talent, and pliability of power, which are demanded from the actor, to do justice to the number of poets he must represent, is equally required of the engraver to preserve the variety of manner, and variety of power, of the different painters he has to translate. A knowledge of composition is indispensable, for that composition is frequently as much affected by light and shadow as the disposition of the figures; of which the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds are a remarkable instance. As to simple mechanical execution, the difficulties of the painter can never be put in competition with those of the engraver, exclusively of taste, disposition of line, and variety of manner in his work.

The age of Louis the Fourteenth will be remembered by mankind with very different sensations; his plan of universal conquest will be contemplated with horror, from the devastation caused by his ambition, whilst his encouragement of the arts will place him amongst the benefactors of the human species. From his reign to the present time, France has owed infinitely more of her celebrity in the fine arts to her engravers than to her painters. Le Brun confessed that the engravings after his battles of Alexander, were superior to his own

paintings, from which they were copied; and, in this country, productions of modern art frequently evince the assistance which the painter has received from the engraver, however justly the former may sometimes have to complain of the latter.

From the revival of the arts in Italy to the present day, men of the greatest powers have not thought engraving unworthy their exertions. Albert Durer employed a great portion of his time in this art; Metzotinto was the invention of a prince and a hero; and the names of those genuine painters who have favoured the world with their productions upon copper by engraving, will not only shew the ability required to excel, but the splendour of talent that has honoured this art.

Many other circumstances in favour of our art, and in illustration of the difficulties under which it labours, might be pointed out, but that I fear I am encroaching upon the limits of your publication. Under all those difficulties, England at present, and for a long time past, has had to boast of the first engravers in the world. Were the encouragement given to this useful branch of the fine arts, equal to the benign laws, and free constitution under which we have the blessing to live, what might not be expected from men whose love of their profession has persevered through difficulties and oppressions? Those difficulties and oppressions have, for some time past, been increasing. The long-protracted war, however necessary, has been felt, with all its evil effects, by all the branches of the arts, but by none more than that which we follow. I humbly conceive, that if something is not done in this country in favour of engraving, it must decline; for every art, science, and profession, will languish, that is deprived of honours and emoluments. A public exhibition of our works would certainly be the means of giving us some consideration in the minds of mankind, and might, otherwise, essentially serve us. By admitting works of merit into the BRITISH INSTITUTION, or some other grand gallery, the public taste might be improved, and they might there contemplate the difference between good and bad impressions of our works, which would be some check on the parsimony of publishers; this advantage would excite amongst us an honourable emulation, one of the surest means of carrying our art to the highest point of perfectibility.

AN ENGRAVER.

A SHORT DISSERTATION ON WOMAN.

It is a fact proved by daily experience, that the older we grow, the more thoroughly we become acquainted with this hypocritical, wicked, fair sex. What mischief have they occasioned from the beginning of the world! Adam was seduced, Samson fettered, David's sanctity contaminated, Solomon duped—all by woman. A woman led Peter to deny his master; a woman perplexed Job more than Satan himself. The poet Codrus said, the number of stars in the heaven, and fish in the sea, is not equal to that of the wiles concealed in a woman's heart. Bartholus imagined it was not necessary to make laws for good women, because there were none to be found.

Hippocrates maintains, that wickedness is innate in woman. Liberius asserts, that as soon as a woman is alone, she devises some iniquity.

Thucydides esteems it as the greatest commendation of a woman, when neither good nor bad is spoken of her. From the history of Tamerlane we learn, that among the Tartars the name of *woman* was considered too indecent to be pronounced. Philip of Macedon declared, that the worst war in which he ever engaged was that against Olympias his wife. Hesiod is of opinion, that woman was born only to punish the human race. The Athenians excluded the women from dealing in any thing above a peck of barley. There existed formerly four cases in which it was permitted to take away the life of a woman. The Essenes, a sect among the Jews never married, because, according to Josephus, they regarded every woman as faithless. The law of Moses also rejected the testimony of women, on account of their levity. The source of all evils, said Socrates, is woman, and St. Chrysostom assures us, that of all animals woman is the most dangerous---he calls them sworn enemies to friendship, burthens of sorrow, tempters, domestic evils, desirable sins, and sweet torments. For that reason St. Paul recommends an unmarried state; and St. Matthew informs us that the Saints in Paradise will be unmarried.

The heathens were also of the same opinion: for they ascribe to Pandora, a woman, the introduction of all evil into the world. For Helena's sake Troy was consumed, and the blood of thousands spilt. Penelope gave rise to a whole Odyssey---full of lamentation. Dejanira poisoned Hercules: and the Danaids murdered all their

husbands in one night. Cicero could find no revenge on his enemy so complete, as by giving him his bad sister for a wife. The learned Origen calls the women the *head sin*, the *devil's weapon*, the *banishment from Paradise*. St. Augustin confesses that the women possess less fidelity and more ambition than the men. St. Gregory compares women to serpents, and proves that the hatred of the devil is less to be dreaded than that of a woman: for when the devil hates, he does mischief alone; but a hating woman takes the devil for her aid, and consequently there are two. At church and in the street, the women often appear like angels; but at home they are plagues, necessary evils—owls at the window, magpies at the door, goats in the garden, leeches at night, toys for fools, coarse sieves for money, rocks for one's patience, and gorging whirlpools for reason. Martial is quite right when he wonders how there could be such a thing as a good woman. Christians have excluded women from the pulpit; philosophers from the schools; lawyers from the bar; and Mahometans from Paradise. And all this must surely be their own fault; for who does not otherwise like to be in their company?

Au dedans ce n'est qu'artifice
Ce n'est que fard au dehors;
Otez le fard et la malice,
Vous leur otez l'ame et le corps.

Moliere says:

Tout le monde connoit leur imperfection,
Ce n'est qu' extravagance et indiscretion,
Leur esprit est mechant et leur ame fragile,
Il n'est rien de plus foible, et de plus imbecile,
Rien de plus infidele—et malgre tout cela
Dans le monde on fait tout pour ces animaux-la.

And so it will be as long as the world stands.

The English poets also have justly estimated their worth. *Castalio*, in *Otway's* Orphan, thus exclaims:

I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman—
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A woman.
Who lost Mark Anthony the world? A woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
Woman, to man first as a blessing given,
When innocence and love were in their prime;

Happy awhile in Paradise they lay,
But quickly woman long'd to go astray;
Some foolish, new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw, she chang'd her love;
To his temptation lewdly she inclin'd
Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind.

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, in the *Mistake*, has given us a more comic description of this singular character:

"A woman, (says Sancho) in all times, has been observed to be an animal hard to understand, and much inclined to mischief. Now as an animal is always an animal, and a captain always a captain, so a woman is always a woman; whence it is, that a certain Greek says her head is like a bank of sand; or, as another, a solid rock; or, according to a third, a dark lanthorn. Pray, sir, observe, for this is close reasoning; and so, as the head is the head of the body; and that the body without a head, is like a head without a tail; and that where there is neither head nor tail, 'tis a very strange body; so, I say, a woman is by comparison do you see, (for nothing explains things like comparisons,) I say by comparison, as Aristotle has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging sea; for, as the sea, when the wind rises, knits its brow like an angry bull, and that waves mount upon rocks, and rocks mount upon waves; that porpoises leap like trouts, and whales skip about like gudgeons; that ships roll like beer-barrels, and mariners pray like saints; just so, I say, a woman—a woman, I say, just so, when her reason is shipwrecked upon her passions, and the hulk of her understanding lies thumping against the rock of her fury; then it is, I say, that by certain emotions, which—um—cause, as one may suppose, a sort of convulsive—yes—hurricanous—um—like—in short, a woman is like *the devil.*"

RETROSPECTION.

How vapid and tasteless appear our present enjoyments, when placed in comparison with those of more early days; and when a few more years have fled, the pleasures, that we now think of no value, will appear arrayed in vivid colours, like spirits of departed joys, to render those moments insipid. Thus it is that mankind are fated never properly to appreciate their present

pleasures, nor to think they were valuable, till they are irretrievably gone, and numbered

"With the years beyond the flood."

For myself, I can speak with certainty, and, I believe, with almost the whole of mankind, it is the same; that the recollection of the years of boyhood, and their concomitant amusements, afford the mind of man more satisfaction, than any pleasures he has partaken since the time that placed him amidst a turbulent world; where the variety of contending passions, and separate interests, are eternally presenting themselves, to do away even the appearance of enjoyment. The boy at school toils through his task, and the hours of vocation; during this time, he will, probably, appear rather dull; but, the instant it is ended, and he has got through his business, he forgets all the anxiety it has occasioned him, and, with a heart light as the zephyr that plays upon his rosy countenance, he flies to play; and, during the pleasure-devoted hour, he *really enjoys* himself;—no thought of worldly pursuits, of how this bill must be paid, or that business completed, disturb his mirthful moments; and, when he is again summoned to school, he returns better able to pursue his studies, from the recreations of which he has been a partaker.

On the contrary, the man placed in the world, with a family to protect and provide for, with a business that he must attend to, and which depends, in a great measure, upon the individual exertion of his own mind, goes into a pleasurable party with but half the power of enjoyment. Just at the moment when his purest demonstrations of joy are called for by some passing occurrence, the recollection of some commercial concern of consequence, the dread of a heavy loss from the expected failure of some house he is connected with, or the harrassing doubt of a law-suit he is engaged in, terminating in a verdict against him, start up, in spectre-like succession, to haunt his imagination, and to rob his breast of comfort. And when he returns from the scene of apparent pleasure, he almost, if not quite, regrets the time he has wasted upon an attempt to force enjoyment to his embrace. This, I fear, if not always, is but too often a true picture of the human mind.

May 2d, 1807. J. M. L.

JESTING UPON SERIOUS OCCASIONS.

DULCE est desipere, "'tis delightful to play the fool," says Horace: Scipio was the boy, and even Cato would unbend; as if it were not right "to be wise at all hours," *omnibus horis sapere*. Very well: play the fool, be the boy; but remember that you do these, as Horace adds, *in loco*—that is, "at proper times, and before proper persons." For, if the gay and frolicsome humour, however innocent, be suffered to expatiate at random and at large—before fools who cannot, or malevolents who will not, understand it—you may afterwards hear comments upon it, which will strangely surprise you. Yes, your fooleries may be magnified into crimes; and you may have fact as well as meaning imputed to you, of which 'tis likely you never thought: for, as in Shakspeare,

> *You* do not *act*, who often *jest* and laugh:
> 'Tis old but true, *still swine eat all the draught*.

An habit of jesting leads into many scrapes: but the most serious surely that ever attended it, is one recorded by Speed in the reign of Edward the Fourth; when a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor, for saying, that he would *make his son heir to the crown*, though he only meant his house, which had a crown for its sign.

Jesting in illness, or at the point of death, is reckoned not barely indecent, but almost profane: as, when one, who was proceeding to the gallows, advised his conductors not to carry him through such a street, lest a merchant, who lived there, should arrest him for a debt; or, as when a dying Catholic, upon the priest's approaching for extreme unction, and asking where his feet were, which pain it seems had made him pull up, replied with seeming gravity, *at the end of my legs*. And numbers, I doubt not, have had hard work to reconcile Sir Thomas More's piety with his mirth upon the scaffold; namely, in desiring the executioner to put his beard aside, since "*it* had not committed any treason." They have thought, perhaps, that, as we come whining *into* the world, so it is decent to go whining *out* of it*.

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* *Partridge* seems to have approved of this: for, when *Jones*, in a fit of despair, resolved for the army, and to die as soon as might be in the field of glory, *Partridge* shrunk with horror under the idea.

There is, however, (and it ought to be noted) an extreme opposite to *whining*, which is no less weak and unmanly; and that is, an *affectation* of mirth and gaiety at this solemn period—for solemn, at least, it most certainly is. Hume never appears to me under a more unphilosophic attitude, than when he sports about Charon at the close of his life. Was this to shew, that he died a philosopher as he had lived; and could ridicule the dreams about futurity, with which others are haunted, at this trying crisis? There was certainly some bravado, some *parade of magnanimity*, in this; as I suspect there was, when, speaking of his last illness, which was a diarrhœa of more than a year's standing, he says, that "were he to name the period of his life, which he should most chuse to pass over again, he might be tempted to point to this later period.*" Is this conceivable?- *Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire id sciat alter?* Is philosophy then nothing, unless exhibited ostentatiously to the public?

R.

ON PATRIOTISM.

Hoc opus, hoc studium, parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis, vivere cari. HOR.

PATRIOTISM is a virtue so truly estimable, that most men are ambitious of appearing to be animated in a superior degree by the sentiments it inspires. Few indeed can be said to be totally destitute of it, for there is a spurious feeling, emanating in fact from self-love, a mere *esprit du pays*, which, not unfrequently, assumes its place, and the workings of which are displayed as the effusions of a generous and laudable patriotism. This spirit bears so strong a resemblance to one of the most elevated and disinterested virtues, that while it flatters the selfish, it gratifies at the same

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"I know," said he, "we must all die; but then there's a great difference between dying in one's bed, a great many years hence, like a good christian, with all our friends crying about us, and being shot to-day or to-morrow like a mad dog; or perhaps hacked in twenty pieces with a sword, and that too before we have repented of our sins." B. xii. ch. 3.

* Life by himself.

time, the generous feelings of human nature, and soothes the mind, by the idea of conciliating the good opinion of others. Combining these views, with the generally active and powerful influence of example, we shall not be surprised to find this so leading and prominent a feature in the characters of all ranks of society.

Whatever promotes the welfare, or enhances the glory of a country, encreases his own importance in the estimation of every individual who inhabits it, and the interest he feels in its prosperity, arises more from his intimate connection therewith, than from a benevolent anxiety for the good of the community; yet such is the silent and unperceived ascendency of the better emotions, the disinterested affections of the heart, that a passion, really selfish, is eagerly ascribed to them, and mankind, too much delighted with the idea to admit a doubt of its truth, readily award to it the meed of virtue.

Such is the patriotism of common minds, in which may be discovered an additional instance of the unwilling homage paid by the inferior to the nobler qualities of human nature; but this may be seen in much stronger colours when we look to the higher walks of society, and observe the awe with which designing ambition bows even before that semblance of benevolent and manly feeling, which has just been described. Its borrowed dignity seems to awaken the unjust to a consciousness of error; before its tribunal even power trembles, "*purpurei metuunt tyranni*," and shameless hypocrisy is summoned to cast a veil over the actions even of successful guilt. Could we believe official records or public harangues, it is patriotism alone which makes the heart pant for empire—enables the monarch's head to bear the weight of a crown—animates the warrior when he leads his cohorts to battle—endears to the senator his rank, or induces the minister to submit to the drudgery of his office, the cares of national duty, the weighty responsibility of public station.

When * * pursues the vast design of his all-grasping ambition, he sacrifices every consideration of personal happiness, excepting, indeed, that happiness which is bestowed by the consciousness of doing good on the most extensive scale; he loves not power, but his country; pomp, splendour, and magnificence are not dear to

him, but the welfare of the millions whom he governs, engrosses all his thoughts; the greater the stride he proposes to effect, the more he expatiates on the arduous labours he so generously undertakes; he enslaves a country with no other view, than to gratify the benevolent desire of making it happy, and when he "cries havoc, and lets slip the dogs of war," he is prompted by no motive but an insatiable love of peace.

When through the dark mazes of court intrigue, and sycophantic servility, *** has reached the elevated situation to which he had long aspired, how anxious is he on every occasion to proclaim that he was not allured by the hope of obtaining power, of acquiring influence, of securing dependants, or of heaping on himself and his connections the honours and riches of the state; no, these sordid motives never guided him: at the call of his sovereign—at the summons of duty, he cheerfully makes the painful sacrifice of private ease, and worldly interest; the happiness of his family, the attractions of domestic life, ould not detain him from that post, where his beloved country required his services, and which, had he not stood forth as her champion, might have been boldly seized by another, less alive than himself to a zeal for the public good.

What could draw **** from his flourishing domains, from the "*dulcia paterna arva*," where a second Eden bloomed around him, to the thorny paths, the sinuous tracks of the political world? What could induce ***** to abandon a lucrative profession, which left him the leisure for literary pursuits and refined enjoyments, for an unprofitable seat in a senate, or a share in the arduous direction of state affairs? The desire of being useful to their country, they proclaim as the rule of their conduct, and we cannot hesitate to believe what facts and experience so *uniformly* confirm.

The mask of patriotism is seldom assumed in vain; "*in hoc signo vinces*," is the self-congratulating address of the crafty statesman on every emergency, and renewed professions of an entire devotion to his country, are the pledges he gives of his sincerity. Enlightened patriots! revered philanthropists! to doubt the purity of your motives would be a sarcasm upon human nature, an insult to the nations who entrust to your enlightened minds their noblest interests, and a bold attack upon the venerable institutions so vigilantly guarded by

your prudence, so faithfully strengthened and improved by your transcendent talents!

Uniformity of sentiment ought naturally to produce similiarity of pursuit, and a combination of energies; but the patriotism of the present day acts by a very different rule. The great end which all statesmen profess to make their only aim, instead of leading to cordial co-operation, awakens the most decided enmity; rancorous dispositions, and opprobrious language, too often attend the discussion of national concerns, and the parade of false eloquence, the recapitulation of long arguments through protracted debates, are employed to conceal from the public eye, that factious prejudice or interested zeal had made a previous decision in every mind. By changes the most incomprehensible, the active friend becomes a deadly foe, and the strenuous opponent is converted into the warm supporter; inconsistency of conduct is no fault where it can be excused by patriotism, nor may that senator be deemed versatile, who is too anxious for the prosperity of his country not to support the measures of every ruling party, though "men and measures" should change as often as an April sky.

Nor is the conduct so conspicuous at the summit of the political pyramid, less displayed at its base; patriotism is there subservient to the same purposes, and manifested by corresponding traits. The contrariety of opinion, the bitter animosity, the uncontrouled rage of party spirit, are only symptoms of patriotic zeal; the seceders to Mount Aventine, acted from no other motive; the incendiary mobs of London and Birmingham, were impelled by no other principle; their generous natures would have been aroused to vengeance against the man who could impute their conduct to illiberal feelings or bigotted prejudices, and the victim of offended patriotism would have repented his rashness on the Tarpeian Rock, or amid flames as holy as ever blazed in Smithfield. The attachment of some men to their country, is only coeval with the triumph of the party they espouse: while their leaders are in authority, their fortunes, their exertions, their life's blood, are at the nation's service; but when the scene is reversed, they *patriotically* wish that their country may be undone, in order to punish her ingratitude to her best friends, or prove the truth of their own political creed.

I could wish, Mr. Editor, that the head of every

Cabinet were as ready as I trust you will be, to record such truths as these; I have not detailed them because I feel a malevolent delight in contemplating or exhibiting the dark shades of human characters, or because I believe consistency and principle to be mere fables, adapted only to amuse enthusiastic dotards or inexperienced visionaries. I am, on the contrary, strongly convinced that human nature not only possesses disinterested affections, but that they will eventually triumph over selfish passions; the history of the world affords many proofs of their existence, and we cannot be unconscious of it, if ever we have been stimulated by the desire of excelling.

With these views I have only intended the foregoing remarks as introductory to farther observations on true patriotism. There is a certain standard of perfection, by which all actions must be judged; whether mankind be capable of ever attaining to it, must long remain a disputed point among beings differing so widely in opinions; but as every approach towards this height of excellence, is considered as a moral improvement, to endeavour to reach it comes within their duties, and coincides with their wishes. To discuss the objects which patriotism has in view, when rightly understood and properly exercised, is then a useful task, and while it opens a wide field for the enquiring mind, it offers a more than common pleasure to those who delight in tracing the paths of great men, immortalized by the benefits their country has derived from their labours.

Norwich, June 10th, 1807. N. S.

IRISH MUSIC.

It has been often observed that a strain of tender pensiveness is discernible throughout, in most of the music of this nation; a circumstance which has been variously accounted for; and the same remarks, and the same reasons, hold good in regard to its poetry.

"We see," (says Mr. Walker) "that music maintained its ground in this country, even after the invasion of the English, but its style suffered a change; for the sprightly Phrygian gave place to the grave Doric, or soft Lydian measure. Such was the nice sensibility of the Bards, such was their tender affection for their

country, that the subjections to which the kingdom was reduced, affected them with the heaviest sadness. Sinking beneath this weight of sympathetic sorrow, they became a prey to melancholy: hence the plaintiveness of their music: for the ideas that arise in the mind are always congenial to, and receive a tincture from, the influencing passion. Another cause might have occurred with the one just mentioned, in promoting a change in the style of our music; the Bards often driven, together with their patrons, by the sword of oppression, from the busy haunts of men, were obliged to lie concealed in marshes, and in glynns and vallies resounding with the noise of falling waters, or filled with portentous echoes. Such scenes as these, by throwing a settled gloom over the fancy, must have considerably increased their melancholy: so that when they attempted to sing, it is not to be wondered at that their voices, thus weakened by struggling against heavy mental depression, should rise rather by minor thirds, which consist but of four semitones, than by major thirds, which consist of five. Now almost all the airs of this period are found to be set in the minor third, and to be of the sage and solemn nature of the music which Milton requires in his IL PENSEROSO." *

To illustrate his position, Mr Walker introduces the following anecdote:

"About the year 1730, one Maguire, a vintner, resided near Charing Cross, London. His house was much frequented, and his uncommon skill in playing on the harp, was an additional incentive: even the Duke of Newcastle, and several of the ministry, sometimes condescended to visit it. He was one night called upon to play some Irish tunes; he did so; they were plaintive and solemn. His guests demanded the reason, and he told them, that the native composers were too deeply distressed at the situation of their country, and her gallant sons, to be able to compose otherwise. But, added he, take off the restraints under which they labour, and you will not have reason to complain of the plaintiveness of their notes.

"Offence was taken at these warm effusions; his house became gradually neglected, and he died soon after, of a broken heart. An Irish harper who was a

* Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bards, p. 12.

contemporary of Maguire, and like him felt for the sufferings of his country, had this distich engraven on his harp:

> Cur Lyra funestas edit percussa sonores?
> Sicut amissum sors Diadema gemit!

But perhaps the melancholy spirit which breathes through the Irish music and poetry, may be attributed to another cause; a cause which operated anterior and subsequent to the invasion of the English: we mean the remarkable susceptibility of the Irish to the passion of love; a passion which the munificent establishments of the Bards left them at liberty freely to indulge. While the mind is enduring the torments of hope, fear, or despair, its effusions cannot be gay. The greater number of the productions of those amourous poets, Tibullus, Catullus, Petrach, and Hammond, are elegiac. The subject of their songs is always love, and they seem to understand poetry to be designed for no other purpose than to stir up that passion in the mind." S.

ENTOMOLOGY.

No. II.

Mr. Conductor,

It is a subject that has excited much surprize, that no book has yet been published (except Yates's Institutes of Entomology, which cannot *now* be met with *any where*,) pointing out the first principles of the science of Entomology. Permit *me*, therefore, through the medium of your entertaining miscellany, to direct my endeavours to this subject. I allow that there are existing some very excellent books on the science, but they are only calculated for the study of such persons as have made some proficiency therein.

Insects are distinguished from other animals by their having two antennæ or feelers projecting from their head: their real use to the insect is not yet known: and by their having small holes in their body through which they breathe, and by their having feet formed for running, &c. they are divided into seven orders, viz. Coleoptera, Hemiptera, Lepidoptera, Hymenoptera, Neuroptera, Diptera, and Aptera.

1st. Coleoptera comprehends all those insects commonly called beetles, having four wings, the exterior pair of which are hard, rigid, and opake, and form a kind of case for the interior pair; add to this that the mouth consists of two transverse jaws.

2dly. Hemiptera, the second order:—The characteristic is, that the mouth is either situated in the breast, or inclined towards it; that the upper wings are semi-crustaceous, semi-membraneous, and incumbent, and not connected by a strait longitudinal suseri, as in the preceding order.

3dly. Lepidoptera, the third order of insects:—With four wings imbricated with scales, in the mouth is contained a spiral tongue, and the body is hairy; this order comprehends three genera—Papilio, Sphinx, and Phalæna.

4thly. Hymenoptera:—The characteristic of this order of insects is, that they have four membranaceous wings, and the tails of the females are furnished with stings, which, in some instances, are used for instilling poison, and, in others, for piercing the bark of trees, and the body of other animals, in which they deposit their eggs. Linnæus enumerates ten genera, but since his time others have been discovered.

5thly. Neuroptera, the fourth order:—This class are so called on account of their wings being membranaceous, with nerves, and being disposed in a reticulated form. Dr. Hill enumerates seven genera.

6thly. Diptera:—This order comprehends all those with two wings, and under each wing a style, or oblong body, terminated by a protuberance or head, and called a balance.

7thly. Aptera:---This order is divided into two classes; the first, aptera anartha, those which have neither wings nor limbs; the second, aptera padaria, such as have limbs but no wings.

Each of the foregoing orders are divided into several genera, and each genus* comprehends several species; but as I only look to the first principles I shall enumerate the genera in each order, with a description of their distinguishing characters, in a manner as plain as possible,

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* A *genus* is a number of insects agreeing in *external form*; a *species* is one of the individuals of a *genus*, differing, in some respects, from the other *species*, but still agreeing in *external form*.

for the better instruction of the early entomologist, and whereby he will be able, whenever he finds an insect, to determine immediately to what genus it belongs. I shall begin (in my next) with the Coleoptera, and so go progressively through the other orders.

I am, Sir,

Your's, very respectfully,

Newington, 8th June, 1807. W. F. G.

A WELSH TRADITION
OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

From the French.

DINEVAR, for thirty years the favourite of Hoël the Good, king of Wales, was distinguished for the noble qualities of his heart and mind. He was chief of the bards, chamberlain, and grand judge, and without enjoying the dignity of grand master of the palace, his authority in it was unquestionable.

As chief of the bards, it was his duty, whenever the king required it, to seat himself on an ivory throne, strike the golden harp, and sing of VIRTUE the mother of heaven, and of heroes the children of the gods. Hoël frequently took delight in listening to him, for, before Dinevar, no Welch poet had ever derived the gods and heroes from one common mother, from virtue.

As chamberlain, he was empowered to punish with death, whosoever should be found, in the night, and without a light, in the king's apartment, and to arrest those, who, during the day, should endeavour to poison the royal mind with false and malicious accusations. But Dinevar had the satisfaction not to deprive any one of his life, for the Welch people, without exception, loved Hoël as a father; and as for his duty by day, Dinevar was so vigilant in preventing all intriguers, flatterers, and officious persons from approaching the throne, that his master was uninterruptedly employed in consulting the happiness of his people at large, and governed with so much wisdom, that under the roof of his palace, no-body talked of any thing but of him, and abroad, no one spoke of him, without reverence and admiration.

As grand judge, he was threatened, in case of giving

a false judgment,* with the loss of his tongue: and, as a memento of the punishment which would follow a breach of his duty, the tongues of all the animals destined for the royal table, were also served upon his own.—But the conscience of the grand judge was so pure, that the sight of these dishes excited in him, no painful emotion.

The dignity of grand judge gave also to Dinevar, the right of deciding the pretensions of those who cultivated poetry. He had plenty of claimants; but being endowed with an exquisite taste, he was a proper judge of what merited to be handed down to posterity, and rewarded those who excelled, with presents of flowers, harps, and rings of gold.

Hoël the Good, being obliged to march at the head of a large army, to quell the insurrection of one of his most powerful vassals, the earl of Carnarvon, called for his grand judge, and with tears in his eyes thus addressed him:—

"*I quit the ancient palace of Aberfraw; my queen, the delight of my heart; and thy celestial harp.* Friend of my renown, for thou art the friend of my people, watch, more than ever, over what is so dear to me. Every thing that you direct in my absence, shall be ratified at my return."—"Sire," replied Dinevar, "every day of my life is distinguished by you with some act of kindness. A stranger and without relations, when you are near me I possess the vigour of the oak, but, without your presence, I shall be but as the broken reed. Suffer me, my sovereign, to accompany you to the battle. Who shall employ more vigilance than your chamberlain, in guarding you against those snares with which kings are sure to be beset. Who will more successfully urge on your brave troops to the fight, than the chief of the Welsh bards; and what magistrate in your kingdom, shall maintain more effectually than your grand judge, as well in the heart of your dominions, as in the territories of your enemies, the dignity of an army conducted by Hoël the Good."

"The good of my service," replied the king, "requires our separation. Not having the incumbrances of a family, you will govern the kingdom with more care. *You are my other self.* Dinevar must remain in the palace of Aberfraw."

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* *In casu falsi aut pravi judicii.*

In fifteen days the king finished the compaign. The rebellious Carnarvon, after a bloody battle, was killed, and the conqueror being on his march to the last of the earl's fortresses, his widow came forth clad in a long mourning robe, followed by her six orphans, and presented to him, on her knees, the keys of the citadel. He extended to her his royal pardon, and his triumph was thus rendered more illustrious by the clemency and generosity he displayed. He marched his army homewards, and as he approached the city, he frequently exclaimed "*Yes! my ancient palace of Aberfraw, soon shall I again behold you, soon again embrace you, my queen, the delight of my soul!*" But he did not add, "*Dear Dinevar, I shall soon hear also the sound of thy celestial harp.*"

The soldiers, the courtiers, the chaplains, the vassals, the domestics, instantly perceived that Dinevar was forgotten. There are always about the person of a king, a set of officious beings, who eagerly watch his words and his motions, who interpret almost his silence, and observe him even in his sleep. Convinced that he was disgusted with his late favourite, they dispatched letters to the palace of Aberfraw, when within half a day's journey of it, to the most confidential persons of the household, telling them to hasten immediately to their master, and not to forget to shout forth the *praises of Dinevar*.

In an instant Aberfraw was deserted, the road from the palace to the camp was covered with chariots and horses, and on every side were villagers crying aloud "Long live our father Hoël the Good! long live Dinevar, his friend and ours!"

The grand chaplain, accompanied by his clergy, first presented himself to the prince, comparing him in his speech to all the kings of Judea, and Macedon; and Dinevar to Joseph and Aristotle. A young bard to whom the king had taken a particular liking during the campaign, examined the eyes of Hoël, to observe the impression made on him by this eulogium on his grand judge. He discovered the prince's humour, and resolved to supplant the noble Dinevar.

The grand falconer appeared with his attendants. He expected the king would give him, according to custom, the robe which he wore. But at the instant when Hoël the Good, had thrown off his arm one of the sleeves of

his purple robe trimmed with ermine, for this purpose, the bird which the grand falconer bore on his hand, and which he had taught to speak, pronounced distinctly three times, *Dinevar, Dinevar, Dinevar.* The king immediately required the young bard's assistance in replacing the robe on his arm, and turned his back on the falconer and his officers.

The constable, introduced in his turn, could not contain his joy, when the king said to him:—"By right of your office, all the young horses under two years old, which are allotted to me out of the general booty, belong to you; constable, are you satisfied?—There are two hundred and fifty-three." "Sire," replied the master of the horse, "my great age would not permit me to accompany my master to the wars, and yet he rewards me as if I had fought by his side." "What hast thou done during my absence?" replied the king. "Sire, I relieved my melancholy in the company of Dinevar, and in hearing him sing your great and glorious actions." At these words the king frowned, and looked angry; and the young bard fancied himself at least either chamberlain or grand judge.

The principal bard of the palace put himself at the head of the *petty bards*, who lived in obscurity at a distance from the palace, and had not appeared at court for more than thirty years, by order of Dinevar, because their compositions being mean, and accompanied only by the flageolet, the grand judge did not think them worthy of participating in the honours of those bards who, by the sublimity of their poetry, and skill on the lyre, were worthy to celebrate the majesty of the gods, and the glory of their country's heroes. The grand bard ordered these poor creatures to sing some wretched stanzas on the return of the conqueror, in which the name of Dinevar was cunningly omitted. The king, who hardly attended to the words, laughed heartily at the flageolets, and ordered one made of gold to be given to the principal bard, and a silver one to each of the others. The new favourite extolled the king's judgment, and all the court were desirous of learning to play on the flageolet.

The *corps diplomatique* being next presented, the ambassador from Scotland thus addressed him:—"Sire, your days are marked by victories and acts of beneficence, and your illustrious reign will form one of the most glorious epochs in the history of your country.

Whilst you were employed in reducing a rebellious subject, and shewing favour to his widow and her children, we felt not your absence at Aberfraw, because you have been represented by a wise man, whom posterity will call Dinevar the great minister, as you are already distinguished by the title of Hoël the Good."

"From the speech of this orator," said the prince, turning to his attendants, "it would seem that I am only the phantom of a king; but I will shortly prove to these foreigners that it is Hoël, Hoël only, who governs." "Your Majesty will do right," said the young bard, "they only are truly kings who *themselves* govern their people."

The grand chaplain caught the hand of the young bard; "all goes on excellently," said he: "so many praises will tire the monarch's patience. He begins to believe all that has been said against his favourite."

The queen now arrived, followed by the most beautiful females of the court. The moment she saw her husband she ran to him, and, kneeling down on a velvet cushion, received the royal salute on her forehead. Her caprices having been often thwarted by the austere virtue of the grand judge, she did not mention his name, and having learned that the young bard who accompanied the king was his new favourite, she curtsied to him with all imaginable grace.

Is it not surprising that he also should not have made his appearance, who had saved the king's life and crown in a time of tumult and faction, which he contrived to repress; who, by an administration remarkable both for its prudence and vigour, had recalled the people to their allegiance, and strengthened the royal authority; and who had made the king the idol of all his subjects?

But Dinevar had been officially informed, on the approach of the king, that without an express order, he must not quit the palace of Aberfraw. "My sovereign," said he to an old servant, "has fixed me here with these words:—'DINEVAR IS MY SECOND SELF.' You are afraid lest my enemies should choose this moment to injure me in the opinion of the best of masters. I should regard myself with horror if I thought as you do. Confident of his affection I will wait for the king in this hall, where for thirty years I have dispensed justice in his name; on this very spot, where, in the first year of his reign, I had the good fortune to preserve his life."

He had scarcely finished these words, when the sound of the horns, the rattling of the cars, and the acclamations of the people, announced the entrance of Hoël the Good into the inner court of the royal residence. He ascended the steps of his palace, reclining on the arms of the queen and the young bard. What was his surprize on seeing, as soon as he entered the great hall, Dinevar, alone, his eyes overflowing with tears of joy, which the abused monarch took for those of contrition. The new favourite hastened the king onward: but what being, however heavy his displeasure, can forget, in one moment, a friendship of thirty years!

"Ah! Dinevar," cried Hoël, in a broken voice, "the *king*, in his anger, would have degraded you from all your honours, have sentenced you to death, and then commuted your punishment into eternal exile in the tempestuous isle of Mona. The *friend*, in his compassion has, in spite of the king, preserved to you all that you possess; my palace shall be thy prison; thy conscience the executioner, the sight of *me* thy punishment."

Dinevar, affected, but not subdued, would have endeavoured to justify his conduct: but the young bard, who feared him, and the queen, who was tired of him, conducted the king into the hall of festivity; the crowd of courtiers following them. On his entrance, the bards, before-mentioned, sung a few trifling airs to their silver flageolets. Hoël the Good, a stranger to these noisy pleasures, sighed, gently pronouncing, from time to time, the name of Dinevar, while the tears descended on his long white beard. The courtiers, not observing his melancholy, applauded the musicians, and exclaimed, *this indeed is singing—at length we hear true melody.*

In the palace of Aberfraw it was usual to retire to rest at nine o'clock, and to rise with the sun. The king's watchmen proclaimed that the hour of nine was arrived. The porter immediately approached, and shaking his bunch of silver keys, ordered every body, who was not of the household, to retire. The flambeaux-bearers, followed by twelve officers of the guard and a herald at arms, saluted the king, and preceded him. He gave a kiss to the queen, honoured the young bard with a gracious smile, whom he recommended to his steward; and, proceeding towards his chamber, he thus sighed aloud: "It is now twenty days since Dinevar performed for me the office of chamberlain! How much I loved thta man!"

"*Ah! you love him still!*" cried the grand judge, throwing himself at his feet—

Hoël the Good felt himself agitated, but wishing to unburthen his heart, he communicated to his old servant every thing that had happened; and the virtuous Dinevar had no difficulty in explaining his conduct to the king's satisfaction.

"O my friend," said Hoël, still more softened by his fidelity and candour, "even in thy disgrace, wrought by the artifices of your enemies, I had preserved for you all the places you held, *except one*—Come and receive it in my arms—it is my *heart*—and never, never, shall you again lose it." The worthy minister bedewed the breast of his king with tears of affection and gratitude—"*Shall I not be this night your chamberlain?*" —"*To-night, to-morrow*, and every day," replied Hoël, "henceforth we will be inseparable." Then, addressing himself to the herald, he said with a firm voice:

"Attend! the inmates of my palace are enjoying the most delightful dreams: they sleep in the belief that the grand judge is disgraced; let them for this night indulge a reverie which is so grateful to them; but, at the break of day, visit every gallery; strike at every door with thy staff, and cry aloud—*Rejoice! This night Hoël the* JUST *has created the virtuous Dinevar* grand master of the palace."

According to the custom of these times, the king and Dinevar shared the same bed: "Sleep, sleep, sire," said the grand judge—"I cannot," replied Hoël the Good; "do *thou* sleep, Dinevar; and let a gentle repose efface from thy heart the remembrance of my ingratitude."

Next day, the queen spoke affectionately to Dinevar. All the court came round him. The young bard, not daring to intrude himself, stood confounded in the crowd. The inferior bards returned to their obscure abode. The others again appeared in their hall, singing, and playing on their harps. The grand chaplain retired to his chapel, from which he never more went but by command of the king. The constable became one of the most distinguished nobles in the palace: and during the rest of the reign of Hoël the Good, king of Wales, no accents were heard in his court but those of truth, honour, true poetry, and good music.

It appears from this history, that over good kings the influence of intrigue is but of short duration. * * * * *

THE ORIGIN OF DESIGN:

AN ORIENTAL NARRATIVE.

From the Artist.

Some shepherds on the plains of Chorasan were assembled, after the fervours of noon, at the side of a fountain built of the finest white marble by a descendant of Zoroaster. Their flocks were either scattered on the adjacent lawns, or closely grouped under the shade of the lofty palm-trees which surrounded the fountain.

The discourse of the shepherds, passing from subject to subject, fell at length on the acknowledgments due to their Deity, the Sun, for the various blessings which he bestowed on them in the regular progress of the seasons, the sweets of the refreshing Spring, the maturing ardour of Summer, and the overflowing gifts of Autumn. A general assent resounded from the lips of all, excepting Aldurasar, who impiously questioned the benignity and power of the great luminary.

Micah, one of the most learned among the pastoral tribes, unmoved by the profane temerity of Aldurasar, continued to extol the supreme dispenser of good, who every day renewed the proofs of his majestic bounty, and every hour called forth new images of creation, to extend the name of his might. Aldurasar turned an eye of affected pity on Micah, and on his lip sate the smile of silent contempt.

During the discourse, the Sun had imperceptibly withdrawn his splendour. A faint mist succeeded; portentous clouds arose in the horizon, and in a short time an impenetrable darkness spread over the whole scene. The cry of "an offended Divinity!" was now loud among the shepherds; Aldurasar was impelled to prostrate himself with his companions on the earth, and to invoke the return of the Sun.

Instantaneously his beams burst forth from a cloud of night, and, at the same moment, was heard the voice of Micah; "Behold, what new images our God creates at this instant!" Every eye glanced quickly on him, as he spoke; Aldurasar held his arms extended towards heaven with surprise and fear, and Micah pointed to the marble wall of the fountain, on which, under the bending forms of the palm trees, was seen the shadow of Aldurasar in

the posture of adoration. Micah, with the end of his silver crook, traced rapidly on the snowy surface the outline of Aldurasar's form, whom astonishment had rendered motionless; and having completed his work, "Let this memorial," he exclaimed, "remain henceforth in reproof of infidelity! Behold the hands of Aldurasar stretched out for ever in worship of that Power whom he had blasphemed!"

The faint lines marked by the silver crook were retraced and strengthened, and the outline drawn by Micah became a rule of art and of devotion.

KOTZEBUE,

A PLAGIARIST.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

IN consequence of your observations on the *Novelettes* of Kotzebue, in the *Cabinet* of last month, I was induced to send for the volumes, and was surprized to recognize in one of the stories, viz. the *Little Lie*, a very old acquaintance. The characters indeed have foreign names assigned to them, and the scene of action is transferred from England to Germany, but all the rest is

"English, English, Sir, from top to toe"

The story forms one of the numbers of *The Adventurer*, and is entitled, I think, *the Danger of False Apologies.*

The incidents are precisely followed, and almost literally translated. Your's &c.

DETECTOR.

ANDREW MITCHELL,

An English resident at the court of the heroic king of Prussia, to whom he was a personal favourite, though he opposed many of the sceptic and political assertions of that monarch, with frank but decent firmness.

"By the help of God," said Mitchell on a certain occasion, "we have gained a victory over the French." "How is this, my friend;" said the king, "is God one of your allies?" "YES," replied the envoy, in a sarcastic way, "AND THE ONLY ONE WHO DEMANDS NO SUBSIDIES OF US."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

The Stranger in America. By Charles William Jansen, Esq. Imperial quarto. 2l. 2s. Twelve Engravings, Cundee, London, 1807.

Mr. Jansen is an Englishman who removed to America with an intention of passing a considerable part of his life there: but the disappointments he met with often caused him to change his residence, occasioning various journies to different parts of America, which, though they produced little advantage to his own personal interest, afforded him opportunities of collecting much interesting information, and a variety of facts respecting the state of the country, and the character of its inhabitants, which are disclosed in this volume, not with much methodical arrangement, but in a very easy and agreeable style, and accompanied by observations both useful and important. During the early part of his residence in America, and about the time he was planning his return to Europe, specious and tempting offers induced him to risk a considerable sum in a land-speculation, (a fatal snare, he says, laid for every emigrant) and the hopes of again realizing some portion of it, prevented his departure. He afterwards embarked in some mercantile concerns, which also proved unfortunate, owing, in a great measure, to the unprincipled conduct of the commanders of the vessels in his employ. His stay was thus prolonged for thirteen years. Mr. Jansen tells us, that there is a rooted aversion in the hearts of the Americans, against the inhabitants of Britain. When he embarked his mind was powerfully biassed in favour of the United States and their inhabitants, and it was not till long experience had uniformly exhibited them in a point of view very different from what he had fondly expected, that he adopted his present sentiments, which have been strengthened and confirmed by an attentive study of the genius, habits and manners of these people, during a constant in-

tercourse with individuals of every class and description. He unfolds the prospects that await the European emigrant in America, and the knavery of American land-jobbers; and exposes the fallacy of all that native writers have advanced relative to the facility and small expence of forming an establishment in the western regions of the republic.

"The United States (says Mr. J.) may still be considered as a new country, in every acceptation of the term. As such, therefore, it is but natural to suppose that those arts which supply the prime necessities of man, would there experience the greatest encouragement, and be held in the highest estimation. Accordingly, the farmer and the mechanic must stand a better chance of success than any other classes of emigrants, and when we so often witness the failure even of their hopes, can we be surprised at the yet more frequent disappointments of the professors of the liberal arts and sciences: or of such whose occupations are subservient only to the luxuries of life? These can prosper only in the countries where society has arrived at a high degree of civilization, and where flourishing manufactures and commerce have diffused ease and opulence Society is still in a state of infancy in America. What encouragement is held out to the study of architecture for instance, in a region where many of the inhabitants are satisfied with log-houses; or what progress can be expected in the arts of design, if, from want of education, or deficiency in taste, their beauties are neither felt nor relished? America has, comparatively speaking, no manufactures; and how intimately the prosperity of arts and sciences is connected with these, it is unnecessary for the author even to attempt to demonstrate."

It is certain that Mr. Jansen has formed a most unfavourable opinion of the transatlantic republicans, and without supposing him actuated by prejudice, it may be presumed that the disappointments he experienced have a little soured his temper, and some of his statements therefore must be received with caution: but he will have rendered no inconsiderable service to his country, if his book should have the effect of repressing the spirit of emigration which has proved the destruction of so many unfortunate English speculators. The history of the author's friend Mr. Gilpin, presents a lamentable instance of the difficulties and dangers attending a scheme of this nature.

"Mr. John Bernard Gilpin * possessed an estate in Westmoreland, which had descended from heir to heir for many generations, and

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* This gentleman is a lineal descendant of that celebrated and pious man, John Bernard Gilpin, arch-deacon of Durham, de-

which he sold under the influence of a scheme of emigrating to America; and there becoming a proprietor of some of those immense and rich tracts of land, so luxuriantly described on the banks of the Ohio. He engaged the cabin of a large vessel at Whitehaven, and provided himself with every instrument of husbandry, and whatever might contribute to the execution of his intentions. His family consisted of an amiable wife, and two young children; a widowed sister, her three daughters, and a son. Being a man of an ancient family and greatly esteemed, several neighbours, equally restless at home, and yearning for a sight of the new world, intreated permission to accompany him. Thus the ship obtained a cargo of respectable English emigrants; among whom were some husbandmen, who had bound themselves to Mr. Gilpin for a term of years, to assist in the settlement of his contemplated domain. Mr. Gilpin was one of the most wary and frugal of his countrymen, and from this inherent disposition, he withstood the temptation of purchasing lands in America previous to his departure from England, though allured by the most specious offers.

"The passage to the United States is seldom performed under five or six weeks, and sometimes adverse winds have extended the irksome voyage to three months. On the American coast his sister expired, from the effects of the fatigue endured in the voyage, and the heat of the latitudes they had approached; and her remains were committed to the bosom of the deep. After being becalmed till the situation of the passengers was almost insupportable, the ship arrived in Hampton Roads.

"The port and town of Norfolk are as unhealthy as any on the coast. Mr. Gilpin procured a house in the upper part of the town, called the Old Fields, to which he immediately removed his numerous family. The yellow fever was then raging. By this malignant disorder were Mr Gilpin and several of his family seized. In a short time it deprived him of his wife, and reduced himself, and one of his children, to a very low state. This misfortune, added to the intense heat of the summer, had nearly clouded the prospects of Mr. Gilpin, when other obstacles presented themselves, which entirely frustrated his plans. The husbandman, on whom he had depended for the management of his farm, and whose passage he had paid, breaking at once his bond, and the ties of gratitude, absconded. This is a common trick played by redemptioners, who, allured by the prospect of high wages, run away on the first opportunity; and for that reason but few emigrants have found their way of late into the United States, through this medium."

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nominated THE NORTHERN APOSTLE. He was doomed to martyrdom in the reign of religious terror, and was ordered to London, where he would, in all probability, have met the fate of Bishop Latimer, and the other pious preachers of the reformed religion. Within a stage or two of the capital he fell from his horse, and broke his leg, which delayed the completion of his journey till the death of Mary. Queen Elizabeth restored him to his church preferment, and offered him the bishoprick of Carlisle, which he declined.

From a volume of this miscellaneous nature many entertaining extracts might be selected, if we had room for their insertion. We have been particularly amused by the anecdotes of several distinguished characters, particularly Generals Gates, Hamilton, Pinckney, Putnam, and Arnold; Mr. John Randolph; Thomas Law, Esq. brother to Lord Ellenborough, and some others; and with a curious and interesting account of the adventures of Generals Whalley and Goffe, two of Charles the First's judges. Upon the whole we can recommend Mr. Jansen's *Stranger in America* as a work that abounds both with information and amusement, and we have no doubt but that its reception will be such as to induce him to publish a *Second Volume*, for which, as he informs us in his preface, he has sufficient materials.

The plates, of which there are twelve, present views of Philadelphia, the High-street, and Second-street; Boston; Hell-gate; Mount Vernon; the Philadelphia Theatre, &c.

Mr. Jansen's account of the American stage, and the melancholy fate of several English actors, is given in another part of our number.

The Works of Sallust; Translated into English by the late Arthur Murphy, Esq. Author of a Translation of Tacitus, &c.

This translation was among the manuscripts which Murphy left behind him, and was purchased at the general sale of his effects. The fame of his *Tacitus* will also recommend the present work to the public; but independently of the acknowledged merits and ability of the translator, the volume is made valuable by a life of the historian, very elegantly written, by Thomas Moore, Esq. the *translator of Anacreon*, who has availed himself of all the classical authorities which had been consulted by his former biographers, and added some information from the life of Sallust by *M. de Brosses*.

This learned Frenchman visited Italy in the year 1739, and has given a particular account of the site of the celebrated gardens of Sallust.

"With the wealth of the injured Africans he laid out those delicious gardens, which still "look green" in the pages of antiquity, and which were long the delight and the wonder of Rome. There,

(continues Mr. Moore, with elegant and happy irony,) in the midst of parterres and porticos, with an Italian sky over his head, and the voluptuous statues of Greece before his eyes, the historian produced those rigid lessons of temperance, those strong delineations of character, and those connected views of motives, events, and consequences, which deserve so justly to be called "Philosophy teaching by examples." There, reposing in the temple of his Venus, after an interview, perhaps, with some fair Libertina, he inveighed against the sensuality of the Roman youth; or, reclining amidst vases and pictures which African gold had purchased, composed his elaborate declamations against the rapacity of provincial governors."

Mr. Moore closes his account of the life of Sallust with the following very just observations on his merits as a writer and historian.

"Sallust shews the fallacy of a standard in criticism, as there is scarcely a fault in his writings, which some have not praised as a beauty; and, on the other hand, scarcely a beauty which some have not censured as a fault. While Quintilian admires the brevity of his style, there are others who condemn it as vicious and affected;* and Julius Scaliger, with a still more capricious singularity of opinion, declares that diffusion and prolixity are the most striking defects of Sallust. The speeches, interwoven with his history, which some critics value so highly, are considered by others as false and inelegant fabrications; and Cassius Severus has classed them among the failures of genius with the verses of Cicero and the prose of Virgil. The authenticity of these harangues is certainly too questionable to admit of their exciting such a lively degree of interest as might atone for the interruption which they cause in the narrative; and even the dramatic illusion that should be preserved, is destroyed by the uniformity or the historian's style, which confers on the rough uneducated Marius an array of language as dense and artificial as it gives to the polished and eloquent Cæsar. Without, however, entering into the minuteness of criticism, or pausing upon any of those heretical opinions which we have mentioned, we may consider ourselves orthodox in looking to Sallust as one of the purest models of historical composition; as a writer, whose style, though formed on the study of the Greeks, is peculiarly his own, and original both in its faults and its perfections, being often affected, yet always vigorous, and sometimes too brief, yet never obscure. The precepts of virtue too with which he has enriched his works are truly philosophical, and most admirably inculcated; and we have only to regret, while we read and admire them, that these flowers of moral eloquence are not native to the heart of him who utters them; but, like Virgil's branch of gold upon the gloomy tree

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* Quos inter (says Morhofius, Polyhist. lib. iv. cap. xi.) Joh Petrum Maffeium quoque fuisse Erythræus refert Pinacoth. ii. p. 53. "Illud," inquiens "in eo ferendum non erat, quod Sallustium Crispum, Romanæ decus historiæ, ad sui judicii calculum revocare et damnare audebat; ideo fortasse, quod divinam ejus prudentiam illustremque brevitatem," &c.

in the shades, are a kind of bright excrescence, "quod non sua seminat arbor."

A portrait of Mr. Murphy, a very fine likeness, from a bust by Turnerelli, appears in the front of the volume.

Some Account of New Zealand; particularly the Bay of Islands, and surrounding Country; with a Description of the Religion and Government, Language, Arts, Manufactures, Manners, and Customs of the Natives, &c. &c. By John Savage, Esq. Surgeon and Corresponding Member of the Royal Jennerian Society. Large 8*vo. plates.* 5*s.* 6*d. Murray.* 1807.

This little work bears a very appropriate title. It professes only to give *some* account of New Zealand. The materials indeed, are but scanty, but as far as they extend they will be found worthy of attention, and the author is certainly to be commended for withholding his doubtful conjectures upon interesting points, particularly those of religion and government, when no certain information could be procured.

Mr. Savage observes, that many of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, have been described by successive navigators, but that New Zealand, an island, as to extent and population, far superior to any of them, has not been spoken of by any voyager since the time of Captain Cook, and that that celebrated character visited parts of New Zealand very remote from those which our author has described, whose remarks are confined to the Bay of Islands, and the shores immediately surrounding it: a part of the country of greater importance to Europeans than any other, on account of the ocean in its vicinity being very much frequented by spermaceti whales, and the ample supply of refreshment it affords.

Mr. Savage brought one of the natives of New Zealand to England, and from him he received many particulars of the country which he had no opportunity of acquiring from personal observation. The parting of this man, whose name was Moyhanger, with his relatives, is minutely described, and as this ceremony was attended with circumstances which shew that affection is a very prominent feature in the character of a New Zealander, we shall transcribe the passage, as a specimen of the author's composition.

"Moyhanger had remained on board the ship several days be-

fore our sailing, happy in himself, and determined to see the world; his friends and relatives came daily to see him—some approved, and some condemned his resolution; but Moyhanger remained unshaken, and the time arrived when he was to go through the ceremony of taking leave.

"The canoe containing his kindred came alongside, and as soon as it was made fast to the ship, Moyhanger's father came on board. After a little preliminary discourse, the father and son fell into each other's arms, in which situation they remained near twenty minutes, during which time the right eye of the father, was in close contact with the left eye of the son: abundance of tears were shed, and a variety of plaintive sounds uttered on both sides. The venerable appearance of the father, who is of their religious class, made the scene truly interesting.

"When this ceremony was concluded with the father, Moyhanger descended to the canoe, and embracing his mother, mingled his tears with her's, in a similar way to that which had taken place between the father and himself—the same plaintive sounds were uttered, and evidently a great deal of affection expressed on both sides; but the time taken up in parting with his mother, was not more than half of that which had been employed in taking leave of his father. His brother came next; when a similar scene of grief occured, but of shorter duration: his sisters were embraced by him, but in a less ceremonious manner.

"This interesting ceremony being concluded, Moyhanger ascended the ship's side, and all parties appeared cheerful and happy.

"In the early part of this parting scene, the appearance of affliction was so great, that I was induced to interrupt it, by desiring that no separation might take place between friends so much attached to each other; but I found that it was a matter of course, whenever a native quits his parents, and that I should offend all parties by retracting my permission for Moyhanger to accompany me.

"I wished to make a parting present to the venerable father, and I thought that some poultry might be acceptable: the old man declined every thing I could offer—however he had no objection to my making presents to any other part of his family; and we accordingly very soon got the better of this difficulty.

"When the canoe left the ship, the father and mother kept spreading their arms, and looking towards heaven, as if supplicating the protection of a superior power, in behalf of their son, during the whole time they remained within sight."

Mr. Savage does not conceive that the natives of this island are cannibals in so ferocious a degree as has been generally represented, but that they eat human flesh only in times of great scarcity of food, and after a conquest; and in the latter case, the victors do not devour the whole of their prisoners, but are content with shewing their power to do so, by dividing the chief of the vanquished tribe among them. He thinks that an European who should act with hostility towards them,

would be treated in the same way, but not if cast defenceless on their shore.

The harbours we are told are safe and capacious, the country beautiful, the soil favourable to cultivation; and the natives in all respects a superior race of Indians: advantages that hold out great inducements for colonization, which may hereafter deserve the attention of some European power.

Comments on the Commentators on Shakspeare. With Preliminary Observations on his Genius and Writings: and on the labours of those who have endeavoured to elucidate them. By Henry James Pye. 8vo. 7*s. Tipper and Richards.* 1807.

Mr. Pye is a man of learning, a respectable poet, and an agreeable writer. His knowledge of books also, we believe to be considerable. We were pleased, therefore, to see his name announced to the public as the author of comments on the great poet. We expected much from his taste, his judgment, and his research; but much indeed have we been disappointed. We have found nothing but *shreds and patches;* frivolous observations; long extracts from the best commentators; with idle and illiberal sarcasms on their labours. The *Preliminary observations on the genius and writings of Shakspeare* occupy only seven pages, the greater part of which is taken up in some loose remarks respecting Shakspeare's preservation of the unities; a quotation from Swift, noticed several times lately in the newspapers, to shew that *aches* was used by him as a dissyllable; and other points equally stale and uninteresting.

"These observations are made from the edition of Mr. Nichols, in eight volumes, thick 12mo. 1797;" and not from the *variorum editions* of later date, which Mr. Pye, as a *commentator on the commentators*, in the year 1807, would have done well to have consulted. It is very easy to say this note is unnecessary, that is tedious, and the other absurd; and a few *memoranda* may be soon swelled into an octavo volume by extracting a long comment from Mr. Steevens, another from Mr. Malone, and then observing "Malone, or Steevens, is clearly in the right." Very many pages are thus filled.

By the diligence and perseverance of ingenious critics, the sense of many passages in Shakspeare, which for

above a century and a half had remained perfectly inexplicable, is at length clearly made out; it shews neither candour, justice, nor good sense, to blame an early annotator for not having thrown so much light on the text as his more fortunate successor; or to ridicule attempts to purify and explain the writings of Shakspeare because they may not have been wholly successful. It is true that when the text is once established, many of the annotations might be dismissed: but one of the objects of the *variorum* editions, is to shew the gradation of that conjecture and research which have terminated in the full elucidation of the author's meaning; to present the various interpretations put upon words and sentences by discerning and learned men, that where there is doubt the reader may make his own preference: to render every line of "that immortal man" intelligible, not only to the well-informed, but to the meaner capacities, and consequently, to enter occasionally into explanations of difficult and uncommon words and phrases, needless indeed to such men as Mr. Pye, but very useful and highly necessary, with regard to the generality of readers.

Thus misconceiving the intention of those who have published our best editions of Shakspeare, Mr, Pye triumphs when he has only exposed *himself* to ridicule; and the notes of admiration (!!!) so liberally employed, are more applicable to his own comment than to that of his predecessor.

Some of his remarks are certainly entitled to attention, and we shall have a future opportunity of examining them. But, upon the whole, the volume is disgraceful to Mr. Pye as a critic, and is full of typographical errors.

Sympathy, and other Poems; Including Landscapes in Verse, and Cottage-Pictures; revised, corrected, and enlarged. By Mr. Pratt. With Engravings by Cardon. Drawings by Loutherbourg and Barker. 12mo. *pp.* 359. *Phillips;* 1807.

The principal poem in this collection has been much and deservedly admired. The characteristics of Mr. Pratt's muse are suavity, simplicity, elegance, and tenderness. Both in poetry and prose he always writes to the heart; and hence his productions have acquired their

popularity. His *Landscapes in Verse*, which have also run through several editions, abound in beautiful descriptions, and the most amiable sentiments. The *Tears of Genius*, one of his earliest productions, was occasioned by the death of Dr. Goldsmith. But Gray, Young, Sterne, Shenstone, Lyttleton, and Hawkeworth, are also commemorated, some in blank verse, others in rhyme and prose, according to the stile of writing in which each of these admirable authors excelled. The *Shadows of Shakspeare* formed originally part of a monody on Garrick. The following poem, entitled *Cottage-Pictures*, or *The Poor*, appeared in 1801: since that time the state of the poor has been improved, and, if the new Parliament shall pursue any of the wise measures of the last, is likely to be much more so. Mr. Pratt has expunged a few passages, which, however applicable when first published, would now appear overcharged.

The remainder of the volume consists of re-publications of numerous little poems, which had, at different times, found their way into periodical works; and which the author thought (and we think so too) were worthy to be collected, and preserved with his larger poetical performances.

The designs from which the plates in this volume are engraved are extremely beautiful.

Love's Lyrics. or Cupid's Carnival. Original and Translated. By I. Scott Byerley, Esq. Small 12*mo. pp.* 174. *Chapple;* 1807.

> I ask not praise! I don't indeed—
> No, damn it, and it must succeed.

Mr. Byerley asks this of the reviewers as a boon, and we doubt not but that from principle, as well as complaisance, they will feel disposed to grant it. For our own parts we can comply with his request without any violation of our public duty.

Politics of the Georgium Sidus; or, Advice how to become Great Senators and Statesmen: Interspersed with Characteristic Sketches, and Hints on Various Subjects in Modern Politics. By a late Member of Parliament. Small 12*mo.* 5*s.* 6*d. Addy and Co.;* 1807.

A hit! a palpable hit! at various public characters who

have lately distinguished themselves in both Houses, and which will probably amuse many readers, who may be more in the secret than we profess to be. The style is above mediocrity.

The Mountain Bard; Consisting of Ballads and Songs, founded on Facts and Legendary Tales. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. 8vo. *Edinburgh, Constable. London, Murray;* 1807.

From the memoir prefixed, communicated by the author to a friend, we learn that the author of the *Mountain Bard* is a poor man, who, without education, and following the humble employment of a shepherd and herdsman, felt an irresistible inclination to write verses; and, considering the disadvantages of his situation, the perusal of these ballads will excite no small degree of surprize. They are chiefly in the Scottish dialect and display an uncommon facility of versification, with some fancy, and a strong feeling of the peculiar properties of the ancient ballad.

One of the shortest compositions we shall transcribe.

THE BONNETS O' BONNY DUNDEE.

TUNE.—*Comin' thro' the Rye.*

"O will ye gang down to the bush in the meadow,
An' see how the ewes an' the lammies do feed O!
An' by the fair hand, thro' the flowers I will lead you,
An' sing you the bonnets o' bonny Dundee?"
"Wi' heart an' wi' hand, my dear lad! I'll gang wi' thee;
My daddy an' mammy think nought to belie thee;
I ken ye'll do naething but kiss me, an' lead me,
An' sing me the bonnets o' bonny Dundee."

O! when fled thy angel, poor lovely Macmillan!
An' left thee to listen to counsel sae killin';
O where were the feelings o' that smiling villain!
Wha riffled thy blossom, an' left thee to die?
How pale is that cheek that was rosy an' reid, O!
To see that sunk eye wad gar ony heart bleed, O;
O wae to the wild-willow bush in the meadow;
O dool to the bonnets o' bonny Dundee!

The author has inscribed his pieces to his friend, Walter Scott, Esq. the minstrel of the Scottish border. It is always pleasing to hear of the encouragement afforded to untutored genius, but we fear the rage for

ransacking villages, and wandering over mountains, in search of obscure bards, is becoming almost ridiculous. The *Ayrshire Ploughman* in Scotland, and the *Farmer's Boy* in England, have already produced rustic versifiers in abundance, who, being once praised for rhyming, are little inclined to attend to any thing else, and whose vanity is usually great, in proportion as their talents are insignificant.

We think Mr. Hogg's friend would not have done wrong, if the hesitation he felt in publishing the poet's memoir in its present shape, had been suffered to prevail.

The Art of Stenography, or Short Hand. By Thomas Brand. 2s. Brand, 4, Union-Street, Hackney Road.

This system of short-hand is given on a card; the characters are on one side, the instructions on the other; an *invariable* attention to which will ensure, if the author may be credited, a method of writing, concise, intelligible, uniform, and natural.

Mr. Brand states, that although this system may appear, at first sight, rather complex, it will be found, on examination, to contain more useful instruction than the most lengthened system now extant, and which will be found to answer *every* purpose of the amanuensis.

The system is certainly ingenious, and worthy of attention.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Scéne; consisting of a Solo and Pollaca, performed and sung by Mrs. Billington in the Opera of "Il Fanatico per la Musica," arranged for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute ad libitum; composed and dedicated to Miss Mildmay, by G. G. Ferrari. Birchall. Price Three Shillings.

This elegant and animated song Mr. Ferrari has arranged for the piano forte; and in the form of a lesson it is more interesting than we should have expected: the passages are brilliant, and the general effect animated and pleasing. To such as have heard Mrs. Billington's exquisite performance of the original air, this arrangement of it will prove highly acceptable.

No. IV. The Vocal Magazine, consisting of Canzonets, Madrigals, Songs, Duetts, Trios, Quartetts, Glees, &c. composed by Jos. Kemp. Price 3s.

The first song in this number certainly can lay no claim to originality; the passages are remarkably common, and the general effect rather tame and insipid. The glee "O *how blest was my lot*" reflects much credit on Mr. Kemp, both as to taste and science; some degree of novelty is displayed in the construction of it, and, on the whole, we are inclined to rank it among the happiest of his productions. The song which follows is rather pleasing than otherwise.

"*While the sweet blushing Spring,*"

A Favourite Duett. The Words by Fielding; the Music by Edward Taylor. Goulding.

This duett, for a treble, or tenor, and bass, is pleasingly arranged, and although the general structure of the piece is plain and simple, yet some elegant and expressive passages occur. In point of composition it is perfectly correct.

Air, with Variations, composed and dedicated by Alfred Pettet, to Mr. J. Beckwith. Broderip and Wilkinson. Price 1s. 6d.

The author of the above air with variations is, we understand, a very young man; the composition, however, would have done credit to a person of more advanced years. The theme is simple and elegant, and well calculated for figurative descant. There are some unexpected accidentals introduced towards the latter end of it, to which those whose ears are accustomed to modern deviations from the Diatonic Scale will have no objection. The variations are seven in numbe, and no one of them is uninteresting. We consider the sixth as the most masterly.

"*Once more then Farewell,*"

A Favourite Song, as sung at the Hall Concert, Norwich, by Miss Pouchee, composed with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Alfred Pettet. The Words by Miss Betham. Broderip and Wilkinson. Price 1s. 6d.

This song exhibits a degree of care and skill in its arrangement such as we are but seldom able to observe. The melody is simple, yet by no means tasteless or common, and the accompaniment is constructed with judgment and ingenuity. The second movement of the song is rather too much encumbered by the piano forte, which, if not played with great delicacy, will spoil the effect of the air. We have never before had the pleasure of seeing any of Mr. Pettet's compositions, yet these we can scarcely suppose to be among his first productions: at any rate they are highly creditable to him, and give promise of his arriving at no mean proficiency as a composer.

Garvan: a Glee for Three Voices; the Words selected from Southey's Madoc; composed and inscribed to Mr. Bartleman, by Dr. Callcott. Birchall. Price 2s. 6d.

Dr. Callcott holds a deservedly high reputation as a glee-writer. His compositions possess much originality, learning, and contrivance, and contain abundant proofs of the genius and the study of their author; but Dr. Callcott seems to have aimed rather more at quantity than quality in his glees; he has written some very superior ones, many good ones, but he has also not only written but published some which certainly are not worthy of him. It vexes, it mortifies us, when a man, who, we know, from experience, can produce compositions calculated to delight, to animate, even to enchant us, descends to publish any thing second-rate, any thing inferior to what we know he is capable of. From an ordinary composer we expect nothing but what is common-place, but we always see with concern a Callcott descend near mediocrity. It will be said that even Handel was not always great:—True:—But it was perfectly right, it was necessary that he should not be so. The structure of an oratorio requires a due degree of light and shade: the dazzling effulgence, the splendid coruscations of Handel's mind, had they been poured on the senses of his auditors in one undiminished stream, would, he knew, have lost their effect; but a glee, being an unconnected composition, must stand entirely on its own individual merits; and, for this reason, a composer who has proved and established his powers, cannot be too cautious how he detracts from the reputation he has raised.—The present glee, had it been the production of any common writer, we should most probably have praised rather highly, but we know Dr. Callcott to be capable of so much better things, that we cannot give him a like degree of approbation. We repeat, that from his pen we expect a glee which not only should be faultless in point of composition, but masterly in its conception, skilful in its arrangement, in short, calculated not merely to catch an ephemeral and transient breeze of popularity, and sink into oblivion at the end of a year, but to transmit the name and confirm the reputation of its author among future ages. We shall embrace the present opportunity in order to offer our opinion on the words which Dr. Callcott, and some others of our modern glee-writers, have selected. We have always thought that the sentiment contained in the words of a glee cannot be too obvious or apparent, since these compositions are frequently, if not generally, sung to auditors who have not copies of the words: they should therefore be such as are easily and quickly understood; but the words of the glee before us, selected from one of the obscurest parts of Southey's obscure poem of *Madoc*, must be wholly unintelligible to nine tenths of its auditors. Such must have been the case with many of the glees which are adapted to those bombastic and obscure effusions of Macpherson, known by the name of the Poems of Ossian. Having extended this article to so very unusual a length we shall refrain from adding more on the subject, but we conceive it to be our duty to offer our opinions, such as they are, clearly and openly, but, at the same time, we hope, candidly and fairly, without any servile reverence or blind regard to popular opinion or applause.

(Notices of Musical Publications will be thankfully received, and inserted in this department of our work.)

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.——*Shakspeare.*

THE FOREIGN THEATRES.

AMERICA.

From Jansen's Stranger in America.

[*Resumed from Page 273.*]

THE next season, the old company being called for in New York, and, it is said, willing to decline a farther contest, left the field to their opponents. This circumstance by no means abated the zeal of Wignal. He brought forward new pieces and fresh performers. Among the latter was Mr. Cooper, whose abilities are known in London, and who far eclipsed all competitors of the buskin; but, as a general actor, Mr. Hodgkinson was the best performer I have seen in America. His death, which shall hereafter be particularly noticed, was a great loss to theatrical amateurs. Mr. Cooper had a high opinion of his own merit. He would not enter into a regular engagement with any of the American managers; and thus he lays them all under contribution, migrating, as it were, in a short space of time, from North to South, and dividing the profits of the theatre in which he may condescend to perform. As a proof of this gentleman's industry, after acting his limited number of nights last season at Philadelphia, he set off in his phæton on a Saturday morning, and arrived at Baltimore on Monday, where he performed on that stage the same evening. He now contemplated a journey to Charleston, where Placide, formerly a rope-dancer at Sadler's Wells, has an elegant theatre. Having performed three nights at Baltimore for the trifling consideration of a *free* benefit, he proceeded on his route to Richmond in Virginia, where he performed the same number of nights, and on the same terms. He arrived in Charleston in ten days, a distance of between five and six hundred miles; and, after skimming the theatrical cream there, he returned with equal expedition to the

North, ready for the opening of the Boston theatre. The greatest part of this rapid travelling he performs with his own horses, and drives himself. His horses fell sick at Baltimore—he sent them to pasture, and purchased a fresh set. At Charleston he sold his new purchase at an advanced price, bought others, and on his arrival again in Baltimore, he took the former, being favourites and now refreshed, and disposed of those he had last driven. Thus is this theatrical hero amassing a fortune.

In the New York company, or, as it is still called, the Old American company, there has long been a kind of theatrical inter-regnum. On the death of Henry, the co-partner of Hallam, his place was filled by Hodgkinson, who became joint-proprietor and acting-manager, and for soms time the theatre was jointly governed by them; but Hallam growing old and inactive, Mr. Dunlap, celebrated as a dramatic writer, purchased of Hallam, and entered upon an active part in the management. He soon took the ostensibility upon himself, the funds being below par, and Hodgkinson's extravagant manner of living rendered him unable to maintain his ground as a manager. We now find the theatre under the sole controul of Dunlap, and Hodgkinson once more merely a player. With the pen Dunlap did much, but, totally unacquainted with the interior regulations of a refractory company, he soon failed in his speculation; and at length was obliged to give up the whole to his creditors and the renters, who had subscribed to the building of a large theatre in the park of New York, in which the company performed but a few seasons. These proprietors and creditors deputed Tyler and Johnson, two of the performers, acting managers, Hodgkinson having left the company, and joined that at Charleston. They recalled Harper, who had been some years manager of the theatres in Boston, Providence, and Newport in Rhode Island. Mr. Harper is a good performer, a great favourite, and in his manners and dealings a gentleman; but unequal to supply the want of Hodgkinson. Sully, Bailey, young Darley, and his wife, were drawn from other theatres. With these performers, added to the remains of the company, among whom was Mrs. Melmoth, whose name was a powerful attraction, the theatrical campaign of 1805 was opened in New York. They had not the Philadelphia company to contend with; all

opposition to them in the same city, except in respect to Mrs. Melmoth, would now have been in vain.

It appears that, notwithstanding the exertions of the newly-deputed managers, and their company, matters did not turn out to the expectation of the proprietors. Overtures were sent to Hodgkinson, who accepted the sole management, and in consequence left Charleston to prepare for the next season. He arrived, late in the summer, in New York, and entered upon his office. From that place he set off in quest of performers, and a theatre being then open in the city of Washington, and another in Fairfax county, Virginia, he arrived at the former place to make engagements. It is supposed that he had inhaled the pestiferous air of the mouth of August in New York, as, on his arrival at the former place, he was seized with the symptoms of the yellow fever, which in three days put a period to his life. At this time it raged in New York with dreadful malignity. The people at the hotel where he lodged, fled his chamber in affright. Mr. Hopkins, one of the performers at Washington, who had agreed to follow his fortune in New York, with Dr. May, his physician, alone attended him. Thus perished John Hodgkinson, a man most eminent in his profession, and highly respected by the first characters in America. His remains were wrapt in a blanket by some negroes, who were induced by a considerable reward to perform the office, thrown into a waggon, and conveyed to an obscure burial-ground on the Baltimore road, where they were left *unattended* till a shell of a coffin was made, and a grave hastily dug, when the same negroes returned, and consigned him to the earth.

Some of the most eminent physicians in New York and Philadelphia contend that the yellow fever is not infectious when the patient is removed from the tainted atmosphere where it is generated. A proof to the contrary of this opinion is demonstrated in Hopkins, who accompanied Hodgkinson. There was no fever, no sickness, in Washington; yet, in a few days Hopkins sickened, was attacked with the same symptoms with equal malignity, and died in nearly as short a time as the friend he had attended.

From the encouragement given to theatrical exhibitions in Philadelphia, it would be concluded that Messrs. Wignall and Reinagle, the managers, must

have accumulated large sums of money. I cannot define the cause, but it is very certain that the contrary is the case. They were ever involved in debt, and finally availed themselves of the bankrupt laws; thus giving up the theatre to their creditors. They were, however, soon re-invested with the management, and after their "white-washing," appeared as before; a common circumstance in America. It appears that all the American managers are losers. We have already instanced those of New York and Philadelphia. At Boston, Powell, with great encouragement, made nothing. Harper could barely keep his ground, and was often much reduced. West, of the Virginia company, is greatly in debt, so as to prevent the opening of the theatre at Alexandria for several years; and Placide, at Charleston, says, that he can barely support himself by his theatre.

Charleston has proved a grave to the theatrical corps in America. The high salaries given there, from the great plenty of money, and riches of the principal inhabitants, who are great amateurs, drew thither numbers of performers on the expiration of their engagements with the northern managers. Among those of eminence, who fell a sacrifice to an unwholesome climate, we have to lament Mrs. Wrighten, then married to Mr. Pownal, a druggist in New York, and one of her daughters, who was then following the mother in the same line of stage business. Miss Broadhurst's death was attended with melancholy circumstances. Viewing with dread the havock made among the performers, she intreated her mother to spend the sickly months with her on Sullivan's Island, a place at that time of great resort, and to permit her to decline a proffered engagement as first vocal performer in the concerts at the public gardens. The parent refused to acquiesce, and the victim prognosticated the fatal consequences. She entered upon the duties of her engagement—sung a few nights—was then taken ill, and in a few days expired. To this young and accomplished female, must be added Miss Fontenelle, who first appeared in Moggy M'Gilpin, at Covent Garden, and whose remains are interred at Charleston. In the list of deaths in this place are also the names of Mr. Williamson, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones, from the Salisbury theatre, Mrs. Kenna, and her son, a rising young actor. Mr. Jones had risen to eminence in the

late Mr. Edwin's style, and was acting-manager under Placide.

Jones was succeeded in his management by Mr. Villiers, a young man of superior address and education, who, from his own account, left a very genteel family and good connections, to become a player in America. His real name was not Villiers, and from the same motives which probably influenced him to conceal that of his family, I decline making the discovery. He was a good low comic actor, studying nature in all he attempted; and he was a great favourite. In the summer of 1805, he came as far as New York on the business of his theatre, and was proceeding up the Hudson River to Albany, where the old American company were performing, when he was suddenly seized with sickness, and landed at a small town called Esopus, where he died with the most violent symptoms of the yellow fever, imbibed during his short stay at New York.

From this mortality the American stage is at present somewhat depreciated, and it is not to be expected that England can spare a supply of such performers as have been last named, with the celerity with which a Carolina climate may carry them off. At New York, Cooper has lately been invested with the theatrical command, having rented the theatre of the proprietors; from his taste in selection, added to his abilities in performance, much is expected.

The death of Wignal has thrown the direction of the Philadelphia company into the hands of Warren, who is well qualified for the arduous undertaking. Wignal was also cut off suddenly. He had recently married Mrs. Merry, and in a very few months she was left in a state of second widowhood. * The performers brought forward last season at Philadelphia were Mr. and Mrs. Woodham, and Mr. Bray, late of the York theatre. The lady possesses a fine figure, and is easy in genteel comedy. Mr. Woodham is a good singer, and a musician. Bray is one of the laughter-loving sons of Momus, and manages his business in the manner of Emery, and with considerable effect; his figure and

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* Mrs. Merry has lately entered a *third time* into the matrimonial state, with Mr. Warren.—Ed.

phiz being well calculated to pourtray the Yorkshire clown. †

In their private capacity, the performers are treated by the Americans with an assumed contempt. They will neither associate with, nor notice them off the stage. Mr. Harper, whose company I always found interesting, one day amused me with an account of a journey of the old American company, some years before, to Richmond in Virginia. He said the people were assembled when the performers arrived; at first they were stared at as though they were so many wild beasts; but at length the gaping crowd discovered them "to be men and women, formed and dressed like other folks!"

The above account of the American theatres, is inserted, not merely for the information it affords, but in the hope that it may deter our speculating English actors from quitting the *substance*, in search of what appears to be a *shadow*, and prevent many a stage-struck hero from being deluded over to this "Land of *Promise*," by the splendid but fallacious representations of theatrical *kidnappers*.

ON AUTHORS' BENEFITS.

By Edmond Malone, Esq.

It is uncertain at what time the usage of giving authors a benefit on the third day of the exhibition of their piece, commenced. Mr. Oldys, in one of his manuscripts, intimates that dramatic poets had anciently their benefit on the first day that a new play was represented; a regulation which would have been very favourable to some of the ephemeral productions of modern times. I have found no authority which proves this to have been the case in the time of Shakspeare;

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† The public prints have just announced that Mr. Hallam, who is mentioned in the beginning of this article, after having been fifty-four years a faithful dramatic servant to the public, at Philadelphia, is dismissed the theatre, and obliged to sell his property in it for bread.

but at the beginning of the present century [the last] it appears to have been customary in Lent for the *players* of the theatre in Drury Lane to divide the profits of the first representation of a new play among them.*

From D'Avenant, indeed, we learn, that in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the poet had his benefit on the second day. † As it was a general practice, in the time of Shakspeare, to sell the copy of the play to the theatre, I imagine, in such cases, an author derived no other advantage from his piece, than what arose from the sale of it. Sometimes, however, he found it more beneficial to retain the copy-right in his own hands; and when he did so, I suppose he had a benefit. It is certain that the giving authors the profits of the third exhibition of their play, which seems to have been the usual mode during a great part of the last century, was an established custom in the year 1712; for Decker, in the prologue to one of his comedies, printed in that year, speaks of the poet's *third day*. §

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* Gildon's *Comparison between the Stages*, 1702. p. 9.

† See *The Play-house to be Let*:

"*Players.*———There is an old tradition,
"That in the times of mighty *Tamberlane*,
"Of conjuring *Faustus* and the *Beauchamps bold*,
"You poets us'd to have the *second* day;
"This shall be ours, sir, and to-morrow yours.
"*Poet.* I'll take my venture; 'tis agreed."

§ "It is not praise is sought for now, but pence,
"Though dropp'd from greasy-apron'd audience.
"Clapp'd may he be with thunder, that plucks bays,
"With such foul hands, and with squint eyes doth gaze
"On Pallas' shield, not caring, so he gains
"A cram'd *third day*, what filth drops from his brains!"

Prologue to *If this be not a good Play, the Devil's in't* 1612.

Yet the following passages intimate, that the poet, at a subsequent period, had some interest in the *second* day's exhibition:

"Whether their sold scenes be dislik'd or hit,
"Are cares for them who eat by the stage and wit;
"He's one whose unbought muse did ever fear
"An empty *second* day, or a thin share."

Prologue to *The City Match*, a comedy, by J. Mayne, acted at Blackfriars in 1639.

So, in the prologue to *The Sophy*, by Sir John Denham, at Blackfriars in 1642:

The unfortunate Otway had no more than one benefit on the production of a new play; and this too, it seems, he was sometimes forced to mortgage, before the piece was acted ‡. Southerne was the first dramatic writer who obtained the emoluments arising from two representations‖; and to Farquhar, in the year 1700, the benefit of a third was granted**; but this appears to have been a particular favour to that gentleman; for, for several years afterwards, dramatic poets had only the benefit of the third and sixth performance.

The profit of three representations did not become the established right of authors till after the year 1720.

To the honour of Mr. Addison, it should be remembered, that he first discontinued the ancient, but humiliating, practice of distributing tickets, and soliciting company to attend at the theatre, on the poet's nights.††

" ——— Gentlemen, if you dislike the play,
" Pray make no words on't 'till the *second day*
" Or *third* be past; for we would have you know it,
" The loss will fall on us, not on the poet,
" For he writes not for money. ———

In *other* cases, then, it may be presumed, the loss, either of the *second* or *third* day, *did* affect the author.

Since the above was written, I have learned from Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, that between the year 1625 and 1641, benefits were on the second day of representation.

‡ " But which amongst you is there to be found,
" Will take his *third day's pawn*, for fifty pound.
Epilogue to *Caius Marcius*, 1680.

‖ "I must make my boast, though with the most acknowledging respect, of the favours of the fair sex—in so visibly promoting my interest on those days chiefly, (the *third* and the *sixth*,) when I had the tenderest relation to the welfare of my play." Southerne's dedication to *Sir Antony Love*, a comedy, 1691.

Hence Pope:
" May Tom, whom heaven sent down to raise
" The price of prologues, and of plays," &c.

It should seem, however, to have been some time before this custom was uniformly established; for the author of the *Treacherous Brothers*, acted in 1696, had only one benefit:
" See't but three days, and fill the house, the *last*,
" He shall not trouble you again in haste." *Epilogue*.

** On the representation of the *Constant Couple*, which was performed fifty three times in the year 1700. Farquhar, on account of the extraordinary success of that play, is said, by one of his biographers, to have been allowed by the managers the profits of *four* representations.

†† Southerne, by this practice, is said to have gained seven hundred pounds by one play.

THEATRICAL MISERIES.

original and selected,

BY LACHRYMAL GLUM.

THE gallery at the Opera-House restricting you, not merely to a bird's-eye view of the dancers, but to a bird's-ear sound of the singers.—Item,

The loss of your delight in looking at the faces of the female performers, after the enchantment has been dissolved by a closer inspection behind the scenes.

On the first and last appearance of some theatrical meteor, when every seat in every box has been eagerly caught up months ago—venturing for *the pit* amidst a shoal of plebeians, completely soldered into one mass—with the varied accompaniments of heat, delay, fatigue, crushings, treadings, quarrellings, and total loss of purse, peace, and—shoes. When you are at length borne along to the paying-place, the new struggle and difficulty of ransoming your right arm from its close captivity, for the purpose of diving into your pockets, to find ..... nothing there. After thus involuntarily bilking the treasury, you continue to be swayed along into the house, there to be rewarded, at last, for all your patience (if you have had any) by finding—"a little standing room!"

Boring a friend to death, who has pronounced Kemble his aversion, to go and see him in a *favourite* character, and finding that it is one of the nights in which he has made up his mind to—*walk over the course.*

Having your ears annoyed by "a bill of the play" under the piazza, and "want any oranges, want any beer or cyder" when you have struggled, through a phalanx of impediments, into the house.

A *modern* prologue to a *modern* play.

Shirking a pleasant party to get early to Drury-lane to see the new comedy of a popular writer, and, when the curtain draws up, learning from your next neighbour that *on account of the indisposition of a principal performer*, the managers have been under the necessity of substituting the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, or *She stoops to Conquer*.—N. B. No money to be returned!

A *Ticket night* at Covent Garden on the *thirtieth of June!*

LACHRYMAL GLUM.

"WINE AND WASSEL."

MR. CONDUCTOR,

IN addition to your note on the following passage in Macbeth—

> "Their two chamberlains
> "Will I with wine and *wassel* so convince."

I submit to you the following remark:

In the western counties, the custom of *wassel* is still preserved among the country people, with some particular ceremonies: not, indeed, on the eve of the new year, but on the eve of *Twelfth-day*. The *wassel-bowl*, as it is still called, is filled with ale or cyder, into which is thrown a toast with spice and sugar, and the first libation is made to the apple-trees. They are sprinkled with the liquor, while a song is sung by the superstitious rustics, expressive of their wishes and hopes of a plentiful season. In towns the boys parade the streets on the eve of Twelfth-day, and sing the *wassel-song*. It may be observed that they make use of the old Saxon word, *was-heil*, without any alteration, either of its original meaning or manner of pronunciation. It begins—

> "*Was-heil, was-heil* all o'er the town, &c."

i. e. we *wish health* to all the inhabitants.

In the *Archæologia*, there is a particular account of an ancient chimney-piece, on which the *wassel-bowl* is carved, ornamented with leaves of the apple-tree. The gentleman who communicated his remarks on this remain of antiquity, conjectures that the *leaves* were emblematical of the good cyder which generally filled the bowl. I rather think they referred to the custom of carrying the bowl into the orchards, to sprinkle the trees with the liquor it contained, whether it were cyder or ale.

Permit me to avail myself of this opportunity to thank you for the pleasure I have received in perusing your *preliminary observations* on the *Macbeth* of Shakspeare; for your judicious comments on the annotations; and for the very careful attention which is paid to the printing of his text.

Your's, &c.

A SHAKSPEARIAN.

Mr. YOUNG.

This gentleman, whose recent *debût* in *Hamlet* has been crowned with such complete success, promises to become a distinguished favourite on the London boards, both in tragedy and the higher walks of comedy. A performance exhibiting stronger marks of genius, finer animation, or happier display of intellect, we have seldom witnessed. Mr. Young has studied this master-piece of Shakspeare with infinite care, not merely as to the text, and general scope of the character, but throughout all its shades and gradations, discriminating with the utmost truth and nicety, each peculiar feature of *Hamlet*, and presenting a whole so finished and forcible, as to leave the strongest impression upon the minds of his audience.

Mr. Young is of good height—his figure is well formed; his features are expressive and flexible; his voice "from the lowest note to the top of its compass," is good, and his action and deportment gentlemanly and graceful.

We do not propose to enter into a regular criticism of his *Hamlet;* but shall merely point out a few of the passages in which he distinguished himself the most, or wherein he varied from other performers of the character. The *address to the Ghost* was very fine, gradually rising from a tone solemn and tremulous, into an earnestness and entreaty very impressive, not once forgetting, either in this or the subsequent interview, the filial respect due to a father so tenderly loved and so deeply lamented. The *Go on, I'll follow thee,* was determined, but solemn, and we approve of the variation which is adopted on the *exit* of the Ghost. He does not descend the trap, but retires behind the stage. Hamlet follows him with his eye for some time, and as the spirit is supposed to descend, falls gradually on his knee into an attitude that bespeaks the awe which this preternatual visitation has excited, and the powerful impression that the ghost's narrative has made upon his mind.

In the latter part of the second, and the whole of the third act, Mr. Young "stuck fiery off indeed."—In the scene with the *players* he was highly judicious; his deportment had all the ease and at the same time all the dignity of the Prince of Denmark. The soliloquy of *To be or not to be,* was delivered with an earnestness

that shewed Hamlet was himself interested in the solution of his own question. Mr. Kemble in this soliloquy is always too cool and philosophical. The interview with *Ophelia* was full of beauties, and was rapturously applauded. When he first observes her, he does not give *the fair Ophelia!* as it is pronounced in general, *pathetically*, but with a significance that implies he is aware that she is placed in his way by design; and, thus believing, his behaviour to her, which Dr. Johnson thinks marked with a "rudeness that seems to be useless and wanton cruelty" receives a strong justification. The instructions to the players could not be better delivered. His own sensible performance was an apposite illustration of the excellent lesson which Shakspeare has in this scene bequeathed to the profession. The closet scene was hit off with uncommon spirit. He poured his soul into the situations, and what he felt himself so powerfully, was communicated with electrical effect to the audience. In the description of his father's person, as suggested by the picture, we thought him somewhat too loud; we are of opinion that the voice should rather soften into accents of veneration and tender recollection, than be extended into a rant. The stress in *every God* should also be placed on the word *every*, and in "the *assurance of a man*", the first substantive is a word that Shakspeare meant to be strongly emphatical.

"*Is* it the king" was excellent; and in the whole of this admirable scene he displayed judgment of the highest order, and powers of execution which few actors have possessed in a degree so strikingly effective. In the *Play Scene* which we find we have unintentionally passed by, he discovered also considerable address, and his *bye-play* was exceedingly skilful.

We have very briefly noticed Mr. Young's performance, because, in the first place, our limits this month would not allow us to do it full justice, and in the next, because we know we shall have frequent opportunities of pointing out his general merits as an actor. He is indeed an acquisition of importance. Of *intellectual* actors we have very few. "*Strutters and bellowers*" we have in abundance. We therefore hail Mr. Young's appearance with more than usual satisfaction; and the more so since we hear that his manners are highly estimable in private life. *On* and *off* the stage he will thus prove an ornament to his profession.

POETRY.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

Of the following Lines under a French Statue of NIOBE.

LE fatal Courroux des Dieux
Changea cette Femme en Piérre;
Le Sculpteur â fait bien mieux,
Il â fait tout le CONTRAIRE!

TRANSLATION.

Apollo's power, we all must own,
That turn'd the Mourner's tears to Stone,
For so the Poets feign;
But far beyond him in the Strife,
Is he who gives the MARBLE Life,
And bids them flow *again!*

ANNA.

SONNET

IN RETIREMENT.

WHILE here contentment trims her wood-bine bowers,
And peace, her smiling sister, soothes the breast,
Lap'd ever in the dream-like charm of rest,
How sweetly pass the golden-winged hours!
When morning mild her flood of radiance pours,
I rise refresh'd, from dreams and slumber blest,
To breath the gale; when evening paints the west,
I climb the rugged steep that rudely towers,
Whence view'd around the rich-hued landscape spreads;
Or thro' the fragrant vale's sequester'd haunts,
I wind with easy step, my careless way,
Where ne'er oppression, sullen tyrant, treads:
And far from scenes where vacant folly flaunts,
Wake, as the muse inspires, the simple lay.

Liverpool. G. W. C.

SONNET

FROM PETRARCH.

DEAR eyes! ye day-stars of my fate! from whence
  Fall the pearl drops of sympathetic tears;
  Bright azure lamps, within whose chrystal spheres,
The rays of virtue live, and innocence:
From ye, inspiring orbs! no guilty sense
  Of passion kindles, while each look endears,
  But in the wand'ring soul, a love, thro' years—
To burn, with chaste, and holy thrill intense!—
To ye pure eyes! I humbly look, and there
  I read the words that calm my troubled soul;
"Oh! Petrarch, murmur not!—— to earthly share
"Of griefs, shall recompense on high be given."
  Yes, I will ev'ry grov'ling wish controul,
And thro' their mistress, lift my thoughts to Heav'n!

Liverpool. G. W. C.

ODE

TO PATIENCE.

NYMPH of the ever placid mien,
With humble look, and soul serene,
  In fortune's adverse day;
Who calmly sit'st amid the storm,
When bursting round thy angel form,
  Nor murmur'st at its sway!
Oh! now regardful of thy spell,
While heaves my aching bosom's swell,
  Each grief, each pain reveal'd,
Still trembling in the dang'rous maze,
When ills assail, be near to raise
  Thy strong protecting shield!
Full many a heart, by sorrow try'd,
Has felt the balm thy hand supply'd

To ease the wretch's woes,
As resignation lifts on high,
Not vainly so, the trusting eye,
And sooths him to repose.
Yet ah! upon thy steps no less
The watchful fiends, relentless, press,
To urge their fell controul:
How oft they aim the pois'nous dart,
In vain, to strike thy gentle heart,
And fright thy tranquil soul!
Methinks I see thee, even now,
With hands compos'd, and halcyon brow,
While glaring near thee stand,
(Undaunted thou beheld'st them wait,)
The vengeful ministers of fate
A dreadful, num'rous band!
Then stern misfortune frowning lowers,
And chills the heavy-passing hours,
Mad anguish writhing nigh;
And drooping misery, and scorn,
And weeping poverty forlorn,
Their different efforts try:
There base ingratitude, and lo
Sly falsehood striking off the blow
In friendship's specious guise,
Whose hell-born art can none avoid,
By sad experience fully try'd,
The guarded, nor the wise!
Tho' ne'er invok'd before, thy aid
Refuse not then, propitious maid!
This warmly-votive hour;
A suppliant at thy shrine, decreed
By many a bitter wrong to bleed,
Implores thy pitying power:
With pious hope, thy sister friend,
Oh! hither come, thy succour lend,
To quell this painful strife,
And teach me now, with rising thought,
And breast with conscious virtue fraught,
To bear the ills of life!

Liverpool. G. W. C.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

MAY.

27. Cabinet—Tekeli.

28. Adelgitha—Wood Dæmon.

29. [Mr. Spring, the Boxkeeper's Benefit.] Siege of Belgrade—Blue Devils. Annette, Miss Mellon.—Weathercock.

30 Curfew. Florence, Miss Boyce.—Young Hussar.

JUNE.

1. [Benefit of Mr. Johnston, Machinist.] Dramatist. Marianna, Miss Boyce —Prize—Wood Dæmon.

2. Pizarro—Tekeli. Alexina, Mrs. Ansell.

3. [Benefit of Messrs. Wewitzer, Cooke and Gibbon.] Birth Day—Devil to Pay—Midas.

4. Haunted Tower—Wood Dæmon.

5. John Bull. Peregrine, Mr. Barrymore.—Fair Circassian—Weathercock.

6. Soldier's Daughter—No Song no Supper.

8. [Miss DUNCAN's Benefit.] Belle's Stratagem—Fair Circassian—Tekeli.

9. Mr. DIGNUM's Benefit.] West Indian—Fair Circassian—House to be Sold.

10. School for Friends—Wood Dæmon.

11. [Mr. RUSSELL's Benefit.] Travellers—Sylvester Daggerwood, by Mr. Russell.—Tekeli.

12. Clandestine Marriage. Lord Ogleby, Mr. Everard.—Young Hussar.

13. She Stoops to Conquer—ib.

15. Mountaineers—Fair Circassian—Devil to Pay.

16. [Last Night.] Rivals—ib.—Young Hussar.

17. [Mr. Lacy's Night, by free grant.] Birth Day—The Storm by Mr. Incledon.—Devil to Pay.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MAY.

27. [Mr. EMERY's Benefit.] School for Prejudice—We Fly by Night. Gaby Grim, Mr. Emery.

28. Peter the Great—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

29. [Mr. BLANCHARD's Benefit.] Town and Country—Hartford Bridge. Peter, Clara, Susan, (1st time) Mr. Blanchard, Miss Bolton, Mrs. Liston.

30. Way to Keep Him—Fortune's Frolick.

JUNE.

1. King Lear—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

2. [Mrs. MATTOCK's Benefit.] Way to get Married—Personation—Valentine and Orson.

3. [Mr. TAYLOR's Benefit.] Poor Gentleman—Imitations—Poor Soldier. Captain Fitzroy, Mr. Bellamy; Patrick, Mr. Taylor; Norah, Miss Bolton; Kathlane, Mrs. Liston.

4. [Benefit of Mrs. Smith, Mr. Beverly, and Mr. Field] Othello, the Moor, by Mr. Seyton, from Norwich.—Turnpike Gate.

5. [Miss BOLTON's Benefit.] Fontainbleau. Henry, Lapoche, Rosa, Nannette, (1st time) by Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Melvin, Miss Bolton and Mrs. Liston, Celia, by a Young Lady (her 1st appearance.)—Love-à-la-mode.

6. [Benefit of Mrs. DIBDIN and Mr. WADDY.] Five Miles off—Lock and Key. Fanny, Mrs. Dibdin.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

8. [Mr. BRANDON's Benefit.] Mountaineers—Tom Thumb.

9. [Benefit of Messrs. GRIMALDI and BOLOGNA Jun.] Man of the World—*Poor Jack*, a comic Ballet—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

10. [Benefit of Messrs. CLAREMONT and KING.] School of Reform—Poor Jack—Tale of Mystery.

11. [Miss MEADOWS' Benefit.] Tempest—Irish Widow. Widow Brady, by a Young Lady (1st appearance.)

12. [Mr. MELVIN's Benefit.] Secrets worth knowing. Rostrum, Mr. Melvin; Egerton, Mr. Brunton; Plethora, Mr. Liston. Mrs. Greville, Miss Brunton; Rose Sydney, by the Young Lady who performed Sophia on Mr. Munden's night.—Personation—Collins's Ode, by Mr. Seyton.—Adopted Child.

13. Blind Bargain—Paul and Virginia.

15. [Benefit of Mr. GLASSINGTON, Prompter.] Revenge—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

16. School for Prejudice—Poor Jack—Guardian.

17. Provok'd Husband—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

18. John Bull—Padlock. Diego, Leander and Leonora, (1st time) Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Taylor, and Miss Bolton.

19. Wild Oats—Paul and Virginia.

20. Beggar's Opera—Jew and Doctor.

22. Tempest—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

23. [Last Night] Hamlet—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

On casting our eye over the above lists, we do not perceive that any particular observations are necessary. The benefits, notwithstanding the election, have in general been very productive to the performers, and the *cackling of Mother Goose* was heard to the very close of the season, which her *golden eggs* have rendered profitable in the extreme, notwithstanding the heavy disbursements for splendid but unattractive revivals. We were present at Mr. Seyton's performance of Othello, and have no hesitation in pronouncing him a most promising Tragedian, though the *Moor* is rather too weighty both for his person and powers. We understand that this gentleman is engaged by Mr. Macready for Manchester.

HAYMARKET.

JUNE.

15. Heir at Law. Henry Moreland, Mr. Carles; Kenrick, Mr. Waddy; Caroline, Miss Taylor.—Catch him who can.

16. Mogul Tale—Ways and Means—Review.

17. Mock Doctor—Review. Phœbe Whitethorn, Mrs. Taylor.—Five Miles off.

18. Fortune's Frolick—Inkle and Yarico. Trudge, Mr. Mathews.—Animal Magnetism.

19. Hunter of the Alps. Felix, Mr. Palmer, Jun.—Dramatist Vapid, Mr. Fawcett.—Catch him who can.

20. Five Miles off—Irish Widow. Whittle, Mr. Noble; Kecksey Mr. Mathews; Thomas, Mr. Liston. Widow Brady, Mrs. Litchfield, (her first appearance here these five years.)—Tom Thumb.

22. Hamlet. Hamlet, Mr. Young; Polonius, Mr. Mathews; Ghost, Mr. Chapman; Laertes, Mr. Palmer; Osrick, Mr. De Camp; Gravediggers, Messrs. Liston and Grove. The Queen, Mrs. Litchfield; Ophelia, Mrs. Taylor.—Mock Doctor.

23. Heir at Law—Review.

24. Hamlet—Fortune's Frolick

25. Sighs. Josephine, Mrs. Gibbs; Louisa, Miss Taylor.—Mrs. Wiggins—Tom Thumb.

26. Hunter of the Alps—Five Miles off—We fly by Night.

27. Mountaineers. Octavian, Mr. Young; Bulcazin Muley, Mr. Caries; Kilmallock, Mr. Taylor.—Irish Widow.

The summer campaign opens under the most favourable auspices. The Theatre has been fresh painted and ornamented, and we must acknowledge, notwithstanding the letter of our friend GLIB in the last *Cabinet*, that the decorations are creditable to the taste of the superintendant. The house has a light and elegant appearance, and the additional lobby behind the two shilling gallery cannot fail to lessen the disturbances which heretofore so much annoyed the company in the front boxes. The refectory is removed to the same quarter, and as "where the carcase is, there will the Eagles be gathered together" we are in hopes that the box-lobby lounger and his frail companions will follow the ice-creams, and the jellies, up-stairs, and suffer the more sedate part of the audience to hear *a little* of the play.

The stage has been reduced by taking away some unnecessary space before the proscenium; the orchestra is of course carried further on, and the pit gains by the alteration three or four additional rows, and will, thus, hold more than it did, in preceding seasons, by eight or nine pounds.

The manager has strengthened his company by the acquisition of Mr. YOUNG, an actor of great genius, who has distinguished himself in some of our best provincial theatres, and of Mrs. Litchfield, with whose merits both in tragedy and comedy the public are very well acquainted. Fawcett's name is a tower of strength, and Mrs. Gibbs looks as beautiful, and plays with as much spirit and vivacity as ever.

Our favourites Mathews and Liston, resume their situations; and the company has also to boast the names of Chapman, De Camp, Taylor, Grove, Noble, Palmer, jun. Waddy, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Mathews, Mrs. Liston, and Mrs. Powel. A Mr. Bennet, from Bath, is engaged as a vocal performer, of whom report speaks in favourable terms. Paul, in *Paul and Virginia*, is selected for his *debût*, being his seventh appearance on any stage.

SADLER'S WELLS.

THE attractions of this Theatre have recently been increased by a splendid and interesting melo-dramatic romance called the OCEAN FIEND, or, the *Infant's Peril*, invented by Mr. C. Dibdin, which in variety of action, striking display of scenery, and magnificence of decoration, surpasses every thing of the kind that has lately been exhibited. The effect of the last scene has never been surpassed on any stage. It exhibits an uninterrupted body of water, on which dolphins, tritons, sea-horses, boats, &c. &c. are displayed so as to form a most interesting and romantic *spectacle*, which concludes with the appearance of the *Ocean Fiend*, and a general conflagration. There is a delightful overture to it by Mr. Reeve.

The performers are highly respectable. Smith is a good comic actor as well as a most respectable singer; and the vocal talents of Mr. Pyne, are also of a superior description. GRIMALDI, in the *Forty Virgins*, continues to astonish the audience by his activity, and convulse them with his grotesque humour, in the *Clown*.

The house is crowded almost every night, and the boxes are filled with families of the first distinction.

MRS. MARTYR.

THIS favourite actress and singer, died on Sunday the 7th of June, after an illness that lasted nearly the whole of the past season.

MRS. MARTYR was, previous to her appearing before the public, a scholar of Mr. Hook, the composer, and as a singer, (then Miss Thornton) made her first appearance at Vauxhall Gardens. Her *entrée* was most flattering, and her voice happily accorded with the situation chosen for her *debût*. After a season or two's successful exertions, she was offered an engagement at Covent-Garden theatre, which she accepted. Mrs. Martyr came out in the part of *Rosetta*, and received the most flattering testimony of public approbation. At this time the celebrated Miss Catley, who was engaged at the theatre, having acquired a genteel competency, entertained serious thoughts of retiring. Miss C. discovered striking talents in Mrs. M. and repeatedly advised her to persevere, adding—"She should shortly leave the stage and that she was convinced there was no person in the theatre, calculated to become her successor, except herself."

At the end of the following season, Miss C. relinquished her engagement. And at the commencement of the next, the burletta of *Tom Thumb* was got up, and Mrs. M. had the part of *Dollalolla* assigned her, in which her success was most ample; and it was even thought, that her manner of singing the celebrated stoccato song (*Fisher's Minuet*) was superior to her great predecessor.

The pastoral drama of *Rosina* was next brought forward, and the part of *Phœbe* being allotted to her, afforded her a fair opportunity of cultivating the favour of the public. In a season or two after, when the comic opera of *Robin Hood* was produced, she performed the part of *Clorinda*, and her favourite hunting song, "*Oh oh oh!*" became as popular as any song of the time. This opera was succeeded by the *Follies of a Day*, in which Mrs. M. performed the

Page; her manner of singing the song, "*Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart!*" is in the ears of every one; it was a chaste, and unaffected effort of nature.

The parts in which the talents of Mrs. Martyr appeared most prominent, were, the *Page*, in the *Follies of a Day*; *Clarinda*, *Robin Hood*; *Phœbe*, *Rosina*; *Fanny*, *Maid of the Mill*; *Wowski*, *Inkle and Yarico*; *Kathlane*, *Poor Soldier*; *Fanny*, *Lock and Key*; *Lucy*, *Beggar's Opera*, &c. &c. Mrs. M. had the good fortune to possess a disposition so engaging, that she was equally esteemed by all ranks of persons employed in the theatre to which she belonged; and in private life she enjoyed the esteem of a numerous and respectable circle of friends.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE young Roscius, at the close of his present engagements, is to retire entirely from the stage, and to be placed under the reverend Mr. Butler, with a view to the church. Mr. Butler is to be compensated for his trouble with an allowance of £300 a year.

Mr. Pope has for the third time entered the matrimonial state, with Mrs. Wheatley, the widow of Francis Wheatley, Esq. R. A. He is gone, with his lady, to Dublin, to perform on the stage of that city. Mrs. Powell is also engaged there. These acquisitions, with the addition of the powerful names of Holman, H. Johnston, and Talbot, will give great strength to the tragic performances.

Mrs. Merry has also passed through the marriage ceremony for the *third* time. The happy man is Mr. Warren, an actor and manager in America.

Mrs Glover has quitted her situation at Covent Garden theatre, which in her has lost its best comic actress.

Bannister this summer "skirrs the country round" with his budget of *Ways and Means*, a *pasticcio* of singing and recitation, which we hear is very amusing. Mr. Colman, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Kenny and others, have contributed something to his *stock in trade*. He has had the honour of performing it before his Majesty, who has given him leave to announce the entertainment to be *under his Majesty's Permission*, an indulgence which (as we are told) discharges him from the controul of the magistrates of any town he may chuse to visit. Mr. Reeve accompanied him at Windsor on the Piano Forte, and the Princess Elizabeth expressed great satisfaction with his performance, and her approbation of his musical compositions in general.

Raymond and Dowton propose making a similar tour; with some original pieces furnished by Mr. Cumberland, Sir James Burges, Mr. Monk Lewis, and other popular writers. The *Wandering Melodist* (Incledon) and the *Lyrical Novelist* (Mrs. Mountain) have commenced their operations.

Mr. Jones from Dublin, in the line of Mr. Lewis, is engaged for the ensuing season at Covent-Garden; and Miss Norton from Manchester.—The new theatre, at Brighton, is to open with *Hamlet*; Hamlet and Ophelia by Mr. and Mrs. C. Kemble. Mr. Palmer again exhibits his portraits of the *Living and the Dead* at the Lyceum. Catalani is to have 5000 guineas next year at the opera house, and two clear benefits, one of which is to be secured at 1000 guineas.

FOREIGN THEATRES.

PARIS.—*Académie Impériale de Musique.*—The ballet of Ulysses is rather a pantomime than a ballet: the subject of it is the return of the King of Ithaca to his wife Penelope and his triumph over all her persecutors. This subject, taken of course from the Odyssey, and which possesses sufficient interest, has already been treated, in a tragedy by the Abbé Genet, and an opera by Marmontel. The ballet was very successful, but a dreadful accident happened at the conclusion of it. *Minerva*, represented by Mademoiselle Aubri, was unfortunately precipitated from the height of fifteen feet, and the performer was so severely bruised as to excite apprehensions for her life; but we are happy to say that after a few days she recovered from the effects of the fall, and returned to the exercise of her profession.

Theatre de la Porte Saint Martin. A piece has lately been brought out, taken from a tale in the *Bibliothèque bleue.* King John, surnamed the good, son of *Philippe de Valois* travels into Spain incognito, in the disguise of a very rich merchant, to dispute with an English prince, the heart and hand of the infanta. In the first act there were some pleasant dramatic touches, but the satisfaction we derived from them was soon counterbalanced by the shocking caricature which is made of the English rival, who, to increase the absurdity, happens to be Edward the black prince. The battle of Poictiers is an event too well known to bear such misrepresentation even in a melo-drama.

Théatre de l'Impératrice, rue de Louvois. The *Avaricious heir*, or the *Heir without an Inheritance.* A comedy in three acts, in prose.

Dorville, is a sort of *Legacy hunter*, who hopes to conceal his interested views by affecting an extraordinary degree of sensibility. He feigns an affection for his cousin merely because she is an heiress, who is however attached to *Sezanne*, a person whose principles and conduct are unexceptionable. The efforts of *Sezanne* to unmask the scoundrel, and those of Dorville to secure the interest of his old aunt, create some diversion. The result is a *Will*, apparently very advantageous to Dorville, in consequence whereof he thinks he is to be put in possession of several thousand pounds, but by the *Items* of it he is in fact made a debtor to *Sezanne* in a sum more than equal to the whole amount of the property. The legacy hunter is thus unmasked and punished, and leaves his rival master of the field of battle.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre-Royal, LIVERPOOL.—This Theatre, which opened for the season on Monday, May 25th, has (thanks to the liberality of the managers), been painted afresh, in a style far beyond the public expectation; its uniform neatness exhibits a pleasing contrast to the light, fantastic elegance of what it was in 1806; but it would be improved by the addition of four chandeliers round the higher tier of boxes, and a few lights in the upper boxes: this I think the managers ought to take into consideration, as it is utterly impossible to read a bill in this part of the house.

We have plenty of performers, but few of any note. Mr. Rae, who is our hero in tragedy and light comedy, is possessed of many requisites for his profession; nature has done much for him: in his acting as well as manner of speaking, it is very obvious that he copies Mr. Elliston, and in some particular parts with great effect; his chief failings consist in a too hurried delivery of his words in impassioned passages, and almost a perpetual motion of the head and arms.—Mr. Grant is an old favourite here, and deserving of the approbation he receives; he is, in every sense of the word, a general actor.—Messrs. Lewis and Knight have long since established their names as *actors*, both on the London and provincial boards, therefore little remains to be said of them in that capacity, but as *managers* I may perhaps hereafter have occasion to speak of them more fully.—Of Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Turpin I cannot make too favourable a report; the former is a stranger here, but is already become a great favourite in Munden's characters, whose manner he imitates very successfully; the latter in countrymen is very clever, and only inferior to Emery.—Mr. Tayleure is one of the most imperfect, confident actors I ever beheld; his principal characters are country lads, which, instead of being represented as simple country boors, are by a curious writhing of the mouth, and a particular starting of the eyes, which appear nearly half out of the head, completely transformed into merry-andrews and buffoons; but I must do him the justice to say I never saw Mr. Punch in a puppet-show dressed or played with more effect, than by him in the Mayor in Peeping Tom of Coventry: Mr. Moore also converted Peeping Tom into a native of Hibernia.—Mr. Hamerton is an universal favourite here, and generally allowed, as an Irishman, to be very little inferior to the celebrated Johnstone.—Our singers are Mr. Smith and Mr. Asker; the former has an uncommonly powerful and melodious voice, and is on the whole the best vocal performer we have had for some years: the latter as a bass singer is tolerable.—Among the females Miss Grant stands foremost; she is a truly interesting actress, without the slightest affectation.—Mrs. Mourton is the heroine in tragedy and sentimental comedy; she possesses a good figure, her eye is expressive, and some of the tones of her voice are extremely pathetic, but she should pay more attention to the business of the scene, when she has done speaking.—We have also a Mr. Jones from Birmingham, Mrs. Terry, Mrs. Waring, Mrs. Skinner, and Mrs. Brown, of whom I shall at present say nothing.—Mrs. Tayleure in old women has merit, but is by no means to be compared to her predecessor Mrs. Grove.—Mrs. Smith as a singer is a

great favourite, and Miss Larkman I have no doubt will shortly become one:—Besides these we have had the four Miss Adams's from Dublin, and are at present gratified by the fine performances of Mrs. Siddons.

ARGUS.

Theatre WORTHING.—Mr. Trotter has erected a very commodious theatre at this fashionable watering-place, which he has fitted up, without regard to expence, in a style of uncommon elegance; the decorations are of the most tasteful description, and arrangements have been some time making for the opening which is expected on the 6th of July. Miss de Camp, Mr. Pu.ser, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Siddons are among the performers engaged.

Theatre Royal, EDINBURGH.—In the list of the Edinburgh benefits, I perceive one or two mistakes and deficiencies, which fall to be corrected and noticed. Archer—the last night, was less by £.12 than the sum of £.120, as stated in the Cabinet by your correspondent. Mr. Macgregor's night, one of the very weakest of the whole four of performance, and that too in Passion week, when by far the most genteel, if not the most numerous of the frequenters of the theatre were precluded from attending and patronising one of the most meritorious, diligent, able, and faithful office-bearers that ever belonged to a similar establishment—rather exceeded the sum mentioned in the Cabinet. Mr. Evatt's, was, under all circumstances, one of the very best benefits of the season, and most honourably marked the estimation in which he is held, not only as a most promising general actor, but as an amiable man and excellent member of society.—Meggett, considering it was his first season, a weak night, and other still more unfavourable circumstances (but of too personal a nature to be even here alluded to) had no good reason to be, if he was, which I credit not, dissatisfied. It gives me infinite pleasure to remark, that this very meritorious young performer continues daily to rise in merit and public estimation. Indeed I hear it continue to be asserted, that his performances of Reuben, Glenroy, the Captain of Robbers (in the Curfew); above all, the latter in Glasgow, and the Dr. Pangloss of Evatt, have been in every respect by far the most finished, and of course the most attractive exhibitions of the last season without exception. It is the most delightful of my duties to confer the just reward of praise where justly earned by unassuming merit.

Archer's stiffness and preaching are to me intolerable. Mrs. Orger—how unfortunate that there is something in exquisite beauty incompatible with the growth of judgment!—Viming, but as a pantomime wight is good for nothing.—Poor Miss Benson, now, alas, Mrs. Viming! much surely is due to thee in thy new state, for much hast thou sacrificed to attain it; but I cannot be cruel to beauty above all in the garb of modesty.—Berry whom one of your correspondents, who I judge from his writings must know better, compares to Munden, pleases still the shilling gallery, and as many of the pit as he can, and in the broadest parts of broad buffoonery, pleases me too.—Dwyer is still the darling of the ladies, and our lady-like men; and when an author is fortunate enough to write at or for him, may well please even the most fastidious.—Rock, when he shall have thrown aside those vile punchings or pawings with his arms, and in

English parts, certain Hibernian cadences; when he shall have chosen to get rid of the necessity of fishing for his words, by a study less capricious and interrupted; when to all this he shall choose less to depend upon example than follow his own judgment in playing certain parts (and I have some reason to believe that he would find infinite advantage in doing so), then shall he have my suffrage to his naturally considerable comic powers; then shall he no longer be eclipsed or rather out-applauded by one (Berry) infinitely as inferior to him in native genuine legitimate humour, as in professional judgment, just conception, and accurate delineation.

On the disjunction of the Edinburgh and Glasgow companies by the preference to Rock of one Beaumont, a native of Guernsey, and a manager of a strolling company in the north of Scotland, as manager of the Glasgow Theatre; and on the consequences resulting therefrom to the theatrical entertainments of this country, accept a few remarks next month.

ÆQUUS.

Theatre Royal GLASGOW—Mr. Conductor. As the liberal scope of your theatrical criticism, is not confined to the metropolis, or to England, I trust, you will insert in the Cabinet a few observations which, at this distance, I am desirous to offer, concerning a gentleman, who, in a different miscellany, has been the subject of much injurious misrepresentation. The person I allude to, is Mr. Dwyer, whose absence from London, though it cannot have effaced the favourable impression he had made at Drury Lane, has not yet been sufficient either to confirm or disappoint the expectations of his friends. The talents of an actor will always be more or less conspicuous accordingly as his ambition is stimulated by success or repressed by chagrin; and it would not be surprising if Mr. Dwyer, with a laudable endeavour, and no unreasonable hope, to attain the highest honour and advantage of his profession, should, being baffled in such endeavour, and cut off from such hope, become negligent in his performance, and indifferent to his fame. With these suggestions before me I was led to give some credit to the censures in the Monthly Mirror, at which I have pointed; but I can now, with a satisfaction wherein I know your candour will participate, assure you that, to my judgment, Dwyer, in the gayer range of polite comedy is without a rival, or any adequate competitor, at present, on the English stage. I do not overlook Mr. Lewis, whose peculiar pleasantry I fully acknowledge; but the comedian of most value, and now the most wanted, is such a one as we have heard of, and some of us beheld, in O'Brien, what we all remember in John Palmer, and to supply whose loss I have no hesitation in affirming that Mr. Dwyer possesses many of the best requisites.

I am Sir,

A Friend to Truth, Justice, and your Cabinet.

Glasgow, 10th. June 1817

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY.—Memoirs of Mr. Pitt, by Henry Cleland, Esq; of Isaac Pennington, by J. G. Bevan; of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, with her Poems, Essays, &c. by the Rev. M. Pennington.—Life of Charlemagne, by Mr. Card; of the Historian Thuanus, by the Rev. Mr. Collinson.—Memoirs of John Lord de Joinville, Grand Seneschal of Champagne, with a History of part of the Life of Louis IX. of France, by T. Johnes, Esq. M. P.

HISTORY.—The Chronicles of Holinshed.—History of the Anglo-Saxons, by Sharon Turner, F. S. A.—Caledonia, or an Account of North Britain, by G. Chalmers, F. R. S. & S. A.—A new Edition of the Harleian Miscellany, with additions, by T. Park, F. S. A.

TRAVELS, &c.—Journal of a Tour through Ireland, in 1801, by Sir R. C. Hoare, Bart.—Tour through Holland, along the right and left Banks of the Rhine, to Darmstadt, in the Summer and Autumn of 1806, by Sir John Carr.

ROMANCES, &c.—Henry Hooka, by Mr. C. Dibdin. The Hungarian Brothers, by Anna Maria Porter.—The Libertine, by Rosa Matilda.

POETRY.—Poems by Miss Bower.—Poetical Works of Sir W. Jones.—Bishop Corbet's Poems, by O. Gilchrist, F. S. A.—Poems by W. Wordsworth, Author of Lyrical Ballads.—The Triumphs of Petrarch, by the Rev. Henry Boyd.—A Classical Collection of Sonnets, under the title of Laurana, by Capel Lofft, Esq.

DRAMATIC.—Caitiff of Corsica an historical drama—Mr. Morton's Town and Country—Mr. Cherry's Peter the Great—Mr. Lambe's Whistle for it--Mr. Dimond's Young Hussar—A Fac-simile of the first folio of Shakspeare.

FINE ARTS.—Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors, augmented and continued to the present period, by T. Park, F.S.A. with 150 Portraits.

MISCELLANIES.—The Bath and West of England Magazine; which commenced on the 15th of June, and is to be published on the 15th of each following month—Dialogues on various subjects, by the late W. Gilpin, A.M. —Sir W. Jones's Works, by Lord Teignmouth—Mrs. Chapone's posthumous works, with her life and character—Lounger's Common-place Book, Vol. IV.—Essay on the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, with a refutation of Malcolm Laing, by Patrick Graham, D.D. Minister of Aberfoyle.

INDEX

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME.

MISCELLANY.

A

Acts of Insolvency - - - 34
Advice (a few Words of) to the Conductor of the Cabinet - - - - - - - - 32
Affecting Incident - - - - 252
Arts—The, No. I. Their present State in this Country - - - - - - - - 29
No. II. Stothard's Chaucer 90
Foreign Masters - - - 97
Hoare's Artist - 99-179-250
No. III. Mr. Barry - - - 171
Westall's picture from Shaw's ode - - - - 180
No. IV. The English Engravers. Royal Academy 1807 - - - - - 241-237
No. V. English Engravers 297

B

Beloe's, Mr. Account of his dismissal from the British Museum - - - - - - - 107
Biography—R. W. Elliston, Esq. - - - - - - - 1
T. Morton, Esq. - - - 73
W. Reeve, Esq. - - - 145
J. Opie, Esq R. A. - - 147
Mrs. Opie - - - - - - 217
Prince Hoare, Esq. - - 289

C

Cabinet, The Change in it 103
Cards, their influence - - 233
Coronation Oath - - - - 169

D

Design, its origin - - - - 320
Dying words of Elizabeth Wellington - - - - - 225

E

Edward and Mary, a domestic Story - - - - - - - 13
Emigration to America - - 323
English fireside - - - - 256
Entomology - - - - 166-311

Fools and Jesters - - - - 99

H.

Handel's Messiah - - - - 88
Human Misery - - - - - 164

I

Jesting on serious occasions 394
Irish Music - - - - - - 209

K

Kotzebue a Plagiarist - - - 321

L

Law and Equity - - - - 160
Literary Intelligence - 288-360

INDEX.

M

Marguerite de Valois - - 75
Maternal Love - - - - - - 168
Melange—No. I. Importance of Geography illustrated. Battle of Fontenoy.—Charles XII. - - - - - 7
No. II. Precious Relics. Queen Elizabeth. Judge Forster. Lord Thurlow and Mr. Pitt - - - - 158
No. III Princess of Brunswick. Punning Sermon. Domestic happiness. Caliph Mohammed Emir 223
No IV. Hough Bishop of Worcester. The Bravado a coward - - - 296
Mitchell, Andrew - - - 321
Molé, M. President - - - 80

N

Newspaper, its Pleasures, - 157
New Zealander, story of one 337

P

Passions, the Errors occasioned by them - - - - 162
Patriotism, an Essay - - 305
Personal Identity - - - - 23
Poverty and Indigence distinguished from each other - 261
Preface - - - - - - - - - iv
Prior, the poet - - - - - 235
Privy Counsellor's Oath - 170
Prospectus - - - - - - - i

R

Rantzau, Marshal - - - - 5
Reading Poetry, and especially the Poetry of Milton. Suggestions thereon by E. H. Seymour, Esq. - - 9-81
Representatives and Constituents - - - - - - - - 219
Retrospection - - - - - - 302

S

Sallust's merits as an historian - - - - - - - - 326
Simple Story - - - - - - 85
Stanhope, Earl (Geo. I.) - 294
Stenography - - - - - - 220
Stradello, Alesandro (the musician) - - - - - - 25

T

Timely Intercession - - - 78

U

Understanding, recollections of a Lecture thereon by Rev. Sidney Smith - - - 17

W

Welsh Tradition of the tenth Century- - - - - - - 313
Westminster Hall,- - - - - 167
Woman, a Short Dissertation on - - - - - - - 300

Y

York, the Chancellor, his Suicide - - - - - - - 103

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

A

Aikin's (Dr.) Geographical Delineations - - - - - 42
All the Talents - - - - - - 259
All the Blocks! - - - - - ib.

B

Beatty's Authentic Narrative of the Death of Lord Nelson - - - - - - - 49
Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature - - - - - - - - 107
Beresford's Miseries of human Life - - - - - - - 192
Brand's Art of Stenography - 333
Britton's Historical Account of Corsham House - - - 114
Brown's Union Gazetteer - 116
Burn's, Col. Christian Officer's Complete Armour - - 110
Byerly's Love's Lyrics - - 331

C

Carr's (Sir J.) Stranger in Ireland - - - - - - - 181
Colquhoun's Treatise on Indigence - - - - - - - 260

D

Defence of the Slave Trade 264

E

Epitome of Scripture History - - - - - - - - 263

G

Grahame's Birds of Scotland 43

INDEX.

H

Hassel's Beauties of Antiquity - - - - - - - - 190
Hogg's Mountain Bard - - 332
Hutchinson's Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson - - 48

I

Jansen's Stranger in America 322

K

Kotzebue's Novelettes - - 251

L

Lee's (Mrs.) Vindication of her conduct - - - - - 50

M

Master's Progress of Love, a poem - - - - - - - 188
Meyler's Poetical Amusement - - - - - - - - 50
Murphy's Sallust - - - - 325
My Pocket Book - - - - 184

P

Pleasures of Human Life - 112
Poetical Register for 1805. - 111
Politics of the Georgium Sidus - - - - - - - - 331
Pratt's Sympathy, and other Poems - - - - - - - 330
Pye's Comments on the Commentators of Shakspeare - 329

Q

Quin's Catholic Vindication - 118

R

Rising Sun - - - - - - 187

S

Savage's Account of New Zealand - - - - - - - 327
Sim's Poetical Works of Mickle - - - - - - - - 117
Socrates, a Dramatic Poem 195
Stephen's Dangers of the Country - - - - - - - 192
Stranger in England - - - 255
Struther's Peasant's Death - 114
Stultifera Navis - - - - 260
Symmons's Life of Milton - 35

T

Tobin's Curfew - - - - - 262
Turf House, a Poem - - 185

V

Valpy's (Dr.) Elements of Greek Grammar - - - 51

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

B

Barthelemon's "Poor Stolen Mary" - - - - - - - - 121
Birch's "Lucinda and Henry" 121

C

Callcott's (Dr.) "Garvan;" a Glee - - - - - - - - 335
Clarke's (Dr.) "Born in yon blaze" - - - - - - - - 265
Crotch's (Dr.) Prelude and Air - - - - - - - - - 265

D

Dibdin's Passions - - - - 121

F

Ferrari's Scene - - - - 333
Fish's "Maid of Marlivale" 265

H

Hague's (Dr.) "Haydn's Symphonies" - - - - - - - 122
Hering's Three Sonatas - - 197
——— Six Divertimentos 264

I

INTRODUCTION - - - - - 53

K

Kemp's Vocal Magazine, No. I. 120. No. II. 197. No. III. 265. No. IV. - - - 334
Knyvett's "Beggars" - - 266

L

Latour's New Overture - - 120
——— Overture, No. 15. 198
——— Recreations, Nos. 5 and 6. - - - - - - - - ib

P

Purday's "Damask Rose" 121
Pettet's Air, with variations 334
———"More then farewell" ib

R

Ross's "O row thee" a Scottish Ballad - - - - - - 55
——"We'll meet beside" do. ib.
——"Accept a heart" a rondo ib.
——"To thy rocks" a ballad 56

INDEX.

S

Stafford Smith's Glee, "Secure by George's care" - 54
Stevenson's (Sir J.) "Broken Cake" a Glee - - - - - 119
———"To Julia weeping" a Canzonet - - - - - - ib.
———"If I swear" do. - ib.

T

Terrail's "Pretty Susan" - 198
Taylor's "While the sweet" 334

V

Von Esch's Aria et Rondo, pour le piano - - - - - 56
———Marche Sicilienne - ib.
———Petite fantaisie - - 120
———Recreation - - - 198

W

Worgan's Rouge et Noir - 196
———Monthly Minstrelsy 197
———do. Nos. 2 and 3 264

POETRY.

A

Address to Health - - - - 276

B

Bonnets o' Bonny Dundee - 332

C

Canzonet - - - - - - - 211
Complaint of Corsica - - - 111
Crimora and Connal - - - 140

D

Dirge on the Death of the beautiful Maria Linley - 65

I

Impromptu Translation of Lines under a French Statue of Niobe - - - - 348
Invocation to sleep - - - 51

L

Lines on seeing a lovely infant sleeping on the bosom of its mother - - - 66
—— on a beautiful young Lady appearing at the Exhibition - - - - - - - 146
Love, its rise and progress - 190

O

Ode to Patience - - - - 349

S

Sappho's Death - - - - - 190
Sonnet to a worn-out pen - 277
——— in Retirement - - 345
———from Petrarch - - - 349

THE DRAMA.

A

Adelgitha, Tragedy, by M. G. Lewis - - - - - - - 279
Arbitration, a farce by Mr. Reynolds - - - - - - 70
Assignation, a Comedy by Miss Lee - - - - - - - 68
Authors' Benefits, their origin 341

B

Berry, Mr. - - - - - - - 143
Blanchard, Mr. - - - - - 138

C

Country Theatres.

Introductory Remarks - - 70
Edinburgh - 71-142-285 358
Glasgow - - - 144-286-358
Liverpool - - - - - - - 357
Norwich - - - - - 215-286
Anecdote of the Mayor - 287
Of a Norwich actor at his benefit - - - - - - - ib.
Worthing - - - - - - - 359
Catalani, Madame - - 72-144
Cobbett, his falshoods with respect to the actors, and Mr. Sheridan's family, refuted - - - - - - - - 57
Cooke, Mr. Critique on him by a German - - - - - 258
His Soliloquy on playing Prospero - - - - - - 284
Curfew, by Mr. Tobin - - 123

D

Day in London, by Mr. Cherry - - - - - - - - 212
Deserts of Arabia, by Mr. Reynolds - - - - - - 70

INDEX.

Dickons, Mrs. - - - - - - 281
Dramatic Fiction and Imitation - - - - - - - - 267
Dramatic Style. Letters on this subject from Mr. Cumberland - - - - - - - 199
Dwyer, Mr. - 142-286-358-359

E

Elliston, Mr. - - - 273-281
Emily, a Ballad by M. D'Egville - - - - - - - 68
Enchanters, a Pantomine - 68
Evatt, Mr. - - - - 142-358

F

False Alarms, an Opera, by Mr. Kenny - - - - - - 68
Fawcett, Mr. - - 138-353

FOREIGN THEATRES.

Paris - - - - - - - - - 356
America - - - - - - 270-339
Deaths of several actors from the Yellow Fever. — viz. Hodgkinson, Mrs. Wrighten, Miss Broadhursts, Miss Fontenelle, &c. - - 339

G

Gibb's, Mrs. - - - - - - 353

H

Harlequin and Mother Goose 69
Harlowe, Mrs. - - - - - 213
Hussar, musical entertainment by Mr. Dimond - - 141

I

Jordan, Mrs. compliment paid her in Glasgow - - 64

K

Kemble, Mr. his *Aitches* 69-113 259-284. His mispronunciation of Coriolanus, 70. His bad taste in the revival of the Tempest, 69. His recitation, 11. His vicious orthoëpy, 113-138. His Reuben, 138. His O!!! in Cardinal Wolsey, 201. His performance when a boy at Worcester, 210. Critique on him by a German 258.
—— Mr. C. - - - - - - - 138
—— Mrs. C. - - - - - - 283

LONDON THEATRES.

Covent Garden 68-141-214-281-351.
Drury Lane 67-141-212-278-351
Hay-market - - - - 284-352
Italian Opera - - 72-144-216
Sadler's Wells - - - 215-354
Lulli, the French musician 139

M

Martyr, Mrs. (her death) - 354
Megget, Mr. - - - 286-358
Miseries of Human Life, farce by Mr. T. Dibdin - 283
Mountain, Mrs. - - - - 141
Munden, Mr. - - - - - 283

O

Ogre and Little Thumb - - 214
Old School, performers of the, Giffard; Jefferson; Mrs. White; and Mrs. R. Kemble - - - - - - 206
Oratorios. Letter to the Bishop of London, on their impious and blasphemous tendency as at present performed - - - - - - 132

P

Peter the Great, opera, by Mr. Cherry - - - - - 282
Play-Bill, 1767. Mr. Roger Kemble's Company 210
——— a Satirical one - 275
Players not vagabonds - - 59
Powell, Mrs. - - - - - 280

R

Rock, Mr. - - - 143-144-358

S

Seyton, Mr. - - - - 281-352
Shakespeare and Milton, compared - - - 130
——— first and second folio, Editions of Shakspeare's Works - 135
Sheridan, Mr. T. sen. Anecdotes of him - 61-62
——— Mrs. F. - - - - 62
——— Mrs. R. B. - - - 63
Siddons, Mrs. her singing and acting when a child 210
——— Mrs. H. - - - - 213

T

Tekeli, by Mr. T. Hook - - 70
Tempest, revived - - - - 69
Theatrical Intelligence - - 355

Theatrical Miseries, original and selected by Lachrymal Glum - - - - - 204-273-344
Truth, *versus* Cobbett, in refutation of the falshoods contained in a letter in his Weekly Register, respecting the Profession of the Stage, and the family of Mrs. Sheridan - - - - - 57

W

Wassel, remarks on this custom - - - - - - - - 345
Whistle for it, musical farce by Hon. Mr. Lamb - - - 214
Wood Dæmon, a melo-drama by M. G. Lewis - - - - - 212

Y

Young, Mr. his *debut* in Hamlet - - - - - - - 346
Young, Mrs. - 71-144-285-286

345

214

212

346
286